The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1913.

The Week

President Wilson's message to Congress states the theory of which we have the practical application in the new tariff bill. He lays down the general principles; the bill furnishes the details. The President gave simply a survey of the work to be done, and of the spirit in which it should be undertaken. He could not do more in the limits of space which he was wise enough to impose upon himself. But, happily, the labor which Mr. Underwood and the other Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee have expended upon the tariff during the past two years, and especially in preparation for the extra session of Congress, has made possible the instant production of the full bill. Thus we are in the fortunate position of having theory and practice go hand in hand. As the President truthfully says, and as everybody knows, the original idea of the protective system was long since outgrown. Instead of a modest shelter, protection became a blown Government subsidy. The final expression of the belief that the Government must be a patron of industry was given in the eye-opening phrase of the Republican platform of 1908, that duties must be so laid on imports as to assure a "reasonable profit" to American manufacturers. Against all this, and against the practice of money-bought and log-rolled tariff bills, President Wilson urges Congress to set its face. The aim must be to make it impossible for monopoly to hide behind tariff walls, to remove taxes as far as possible from the necessaries of life, to lift needless burdens from consumption, and in general to put American enterprise to the test of effective competition.

A purely local cause has been suggested for the breaking of the levee which resulted in the flooding of the western part of Indianapolis. It is that manufacturing concerns have been encroaching on the bed of the White River by dumping cinders and earth, and building on the ground thus made. As a consequence, it is declared, the stream has been narrowed, so that, when the unusual pressure came from the extraordinary rains, the force of the water was irresistible. A responsible citizen of Indianapolis asserts that he has repeatedly called the attention of the City Engineer and of other city officials to this practice on the part of manufacturing companies. Unfortunately, this story is inherently quite credible. It tells the tale which in varying forms we are thoroughly accustomed to hear; the tale, that is, of the exploitation of public resources by private interests. If it is true in this instance, the city of Indianapolis has paid well for the dereliction of its officers. In any case, there should result a quickening of the sense of both officials and private citizens in respect to the enforcement of law—even law that imposes some inconvenience upon some persons.

The defeat of woman's suffrage in Michigan was not altogether unexpected. The suffragists themselves were not united, and the campaign does not seem to have been well managed. On the other hand, the anti-suffragists were more active than before, including a vigorous men's association. Besides, as was the case in Ohio and Wisconsin, the liquor interests were aroused to the point of spending money right and left. A red circular passed about in the saloons bore the legend: "Woman suffrage means doubling the vote which is naturally opposed to you and your business." And, finally, the crazy actions of the English militants are affecting the cause in this country. When all is said and done, however, the importance of the event is not to be minimized. Michigan for suffrage would have been an entering wedge for the East, and would have stopped many an argument to the effect that suffrage is merely a wild Western innovation. That the voters on Monday were radically inclined appears from their overwhelming adoption of the initiative and referendum and the recall of elective officials, all of which thus take their places in another State Constitution.

Not until party labels on municipal tickets are discarded will newspapers be apt to look at city elections from any except a party point of view. Yet nothing could be much more misleading than the bare report that the Democrats elected about two-thirds of the Aldermen chosen in Chicago last week. There, at least, it is pretty generally recognized that what counts is the proportion of winners who have the endorsement of the Municipal Voters' League, or, at all events, do not have the League's vigorous opposition. It is extremely gratifying, accordingly, to read the expressions of satisfaction in independent Chicago newspapers over the continued success of the movement for non-partisanship in city politics. A victory of this sort is the more notable this year, owing to the Democratic "atmosphere" persisting from last November, as well as the divided condition of the opposition. The number of Councilmen pulling through on the strength of their records is most encouraging. The moral of the result should not be lost upon the Legislature, which is being asked to abolish party designations in Chicago municipal elections. This idea, which has made considerable progress of recent years, might well be adopted generally.

A surprising revelation is that made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in a report telling of the "orgy of petty graft" that has been going on in Colorado, in the shape of the giving and receiving of free passes on railways. That some violations or evasions of the anti-pass law might be taking place any one would have been prepared to learn; but when an official report states that shippers, professional men, judges, State officials, members of the Legislature, and other classes of persons were indulging in great numbers in this form of graft, one can but be taken aback at the news. Indictments have already been found against several large corporations for accepting passes and against two railway companies for giving them. What is to be done in the cases of individuals does not yet appear; but if the practice is to be permanently stopped, it is persons of flesh and blood to whom the guilt must be brought home. The legal persons known as corporations have a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wonderful capacity for absorbing punishment without visible effect upon their conscience, or what serves in lieu of conscience.

With characteristic shiftiness, Gov. Sulzer answers President Truesdale's denial of the charge that the Corning accident was due to the lack of extra brakemen by raising all sorts of other issues. The Lackawanna pays 55 per cent. dividends on its stock; Mr. Truesdale draws a larger salary than Gov. Sulzer; but Gov. Sulzer serves the people, not a corporation, and places the man above the dollar and not the dollar above the man. This is nauseating. The fact is that, in pursuance of an agreement with labor unions, Gov. Sulzer signed the "full-crew" bill which is, among other things, a deliberate slap at the Public Service Commissions of the State. In these days of scientific management the railways are condemned to pay a couple of millions annually for needless employees. Of course, Gov. Sulzer brings up the fact that there were killed last year 280 railway employees and 45 passengers, while there were injured 6,690 employees and 945 passengers. These casualties must be reduced; but what will the extra brakeman have to do with it? The Governor seems to think it will be his duty to watch the engineer and report if he is fit for duty. This is delicious nonsense. New York never had a more high-minded Governor than Charles E. Hughes. He vetoed this bill and he was utterly incapable of writing such a discreditable letter as this one of Gov. Sulzer.

A bill carefully drawn for a good purpose is that now before the Judiciary Committee of the New York State Senate, providing for the registration of architects. It is pointed out, in a statement issued by the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, that the bill does not compel any one to fulfil its requirements of competency as a condition of carrying on the business of an architect; it simply creates a designation—Registered Architect—for those who *have* fulfilled those requirements, and forbids any others to use that designation. It makes a provision, too, against injustice to those already in the active practice of the profession, by admitting them to registration without examination upon satisfactory evidence of competency and of bona-fide practice. For the future, however, applicants for registration must give evidence of proper preliminary training and undergo an adequate State examination—or, in lieu of the examination, must have completed the course of a recognized architectural college or school—and must show that they have had a specified amount and kind of practical experience. Good architecture is one of the great interests of the community, and such certification of competency as is required in the bill may often prove a valuable protection.

There are many ways of serving the cause of truth, but it would be difficult to name one that combines the useful with the agreeable in more satisfying proportions than does the work of the gentlemen who carry on the Metropolitan Psychical Society, of New York. Their function is evidently not the extension of the boundaries of knowledge, but rather the prevention of alleged extensions that are not extensions at all——in accordance with Josh Billings's maxim that it is better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so. No sooner does a young lady of ten exhibit a marvellous power of seeing through opaque obstacles, and get her achievement recognized by a learned gentleman who is hospitable to phenomena of this general nature, than the president of this modest little society offers the wonderful infant $300 if she can reproduce for him the performances that have satisfied Dr. Quackenbos. This is a primitive method of putting the question to the touch, but we doubt whether an international congress of the learned societies of Europe and America could propose a better. These downright, though skeptical, investigators understand legerdemain, and they do not hesitate to assert flatly that it is only persons who understand legerdemain that are competent to find out whether claims like this of "X-ray vision" are genuine or fraudulent. The exposure of Palladino in this city was a signal instance of success by sleight-of-hand men where men of science had been baffled.

A bill has been introduced into the Tennessee Legislature making it unlawful for "any acknowledged, self-confessed, or convicted liar or thief to publish, own, or control any newspaper" in that State. This is good, so far as it goes, but why should Tennessee lag behind Pennsylvania? At Harrisburg a bill has been introduced providing for the "certification" of newspaper men, or "journalists," as it courteously dubs them. There is to be a commission, consisting of seven newspaper men (uncertified, apparently), the Superintendent of Public Instruction, a Senator, and a Representative, who are to report upon the desirability of establishing a State Board of Journalism, which shall have the high prerogative of providing for the "education and certification of journalists." In order that the pearls discovered and polished by this commission may not go unset, it is further suggested that every newspaper shall be compelled to employ at least one certified journalist. All this is in the right direction, but let us not stop here. Who will be the first to introduce a bill providing for the education and certification of legislators?

Those who waited to see if the Parliamentary inquiry would bring out more facts in regard to the Marconi investments of English Ministers than did their suit against the Paris *Matin*, have really got no new evidence upon which to form a judgment. The Attorney-General, Sir Rufus Isaacs, has at all times hotly resented the charge that he acted upon official knowledge in buying Marconi shares, and there has been no proof whatever that he did. Indeed, the accusation of what would have been tantamount to corruption has been tacitly dropped. Not one of Sir Rufus's examiners ventured to press it. But it needed no examination to show that he had been guilty of a gross indiscretion. This was twofold; first, in purchasing the shares at all, though they were of the American, not the British, company; and, worst of all, in not having made from the beginning a clean breast of the whole transaction when the affair was first brought up in the House. By contenting himself then with a round denial of the charge that he had speculated in the shares of the British Marconi Company, at the moment entering into a contract with the Government, he necessarily gave to his subsequent disclosure of the full truth the appearance of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

having something to conceal. This is what has made the unpleasant impression and given concern to the Cabinet. The affair is made all the more of a political handle, especially against Lloyd George, for the reason that, a few years ago, he himself took so high a tone about Tory Ministers going into similar financial enterprises.

A conference of the Tariff Reform League—the British protectionist organization—was held in London recently, to consider the situation created by the change of front of the Unionist party on the subject of "food taxes." It was evidently an unhappy gathering, but it exhibited a spirit of dogged resistance to the new policy. Perhaps the most ominous thing about the conference, as bearing on the future of the protectionist movement, was precisely this manifestation of bitterness of feeling. It shows that those who really care for protectionism recognize the significance of what has happened, and are convinced that the whole propaganda is in great danger of collapse. The one possible substantial basis for a protectionist policy in England is in its appeal to the agricultural interest, on selfish grounds, and to the country's desire to maintain or restore its agricultural development, on patriotic grounds. The conference accordingly adopted the following resolution, proposed by Mr. Maxse:

> That the rank and file of the Tariff Reform League adhere to the full policy of tariff reform as advocated by their leaders since 1903, and would regard any departure from it as equally disastrous to the cause of tariff reform and to the interests of the Unionist party.

The German Chancellor's speech to the Reichstag was like all latter-day defences of militarism—a confession of bankruptcy of statesmanship and a counsel of fear. What was the reason for such a tremendous burden on the wealth, prosperity, and industry of the empire as is contemplated in the new army proposals? Why, there is a war party in France; of course, the Chancellor said, it is only a fragment of the French nation, the bulk of which desires peace—but there it is. So, because of the French militarists, another hundred thousand of German citizens are to be taken from productive industry. Then, on the other side, there is the danger of Pan-Slavism. Germany's relations with Russia, the Chancellor added, were very friendly—oh, yes, quite friendly—and he is sure that the Czar is well-disposed. But the recent events in the Balkans have strengthened the hands of Russia and of the Pan-Slavist agitators, and so Germany must add to her present great army. From this, as well as the Montenegrin situation, it would again appear that war too often decides nothing. The Near Eastern situation was supposed to be settled; in place of it are fresh tension and fresh jealousies; Sir Edward Grey says that a general European conflagration was barely averted by the recent agreement of the Powers. In its place there is a vast increase in the military burdens which make a long armed peace more disastrous than a war. And no statesman sees a way out.

Does little Montenegro stand alone in her splendid defiance of the Powers, or has she the support of the other members of the Balkan alliance? The situation is curiously complicated. On the one hand, there are the Servian troops fighting side by side with the Montenegrins at Scutari. A recent report speaks of King Nicholas surrendering the command of the joint armies in Albania to the Servian commander-in-chief. On the other hand, there is the reply of the Bulgarian Government to the terms of peace suggested by the Powers. It is by no means a conciliatory answer, yet one of the two propositions which the Bulgarian Government does accept is that the boundaries of the new Albania shall be laid out in accordance with the decision of the Powers. Inasmuch as the Powers, meaning thereby Austria on one side and Russia on the other, have agreed that Scutari must go to Albania and not to Montenegro, the Bulgarian note would appear to surrender the very point in behalf of which Montenegro, with Servia's active assistance, has ventured to defy the orders of Europe. One possible explanation is that the continuance of hostilities against Scutari will be used by the Balkan allies to force the acceptance of the rest of their peace programme. When that is done, Montenegro may be persuaded to yield on the question of Scutari and receive compensation elsewhere.

Radical elements in China will view the apparent failure of the six-Power loan with something more than equanimity. It is not that the leaders of Young China count upon loans from other foreign sources. They maintain rather that the Government need not go abroad for financial relief. The *China Republican* of Shanghai, in an editorial dated three weeks before President Wilson's repudiation of the six-Power policy, comments on the official announcement from Peking that the Government is considering the possibility of an internal loan of $200,000,000. The scheme of a patriotic loan was formulated by the National Assembly at Peking several months ago, but failed to commend itself to the Yuan Shi-Kai Administration. The *Republican* is inclined to doubt whether the opportunity to float such a domestic loan has not passed. It has no doubt that the venture would have been successful if undertaken when it was first broached in the representative Assembly. It is only the most ardent patriotism, however, that will regard the Chinese Government as in a position to dispense with outside assistance. During the patriotic upheaval following the Russo-Japanese War there was a great deal heard in the south of China about the feasibility of building railways with native capital. The merchants and the gentry were called upon to go into their pockets in order that no more valuable concessions might be farmed out to the foreigner. The results were not tangible.

Recognition of the new Chinese Republic may or may not be by joint action of the Powers, as Secretary Bryan has suggested, but at any rate this Government is to hesitate no longer. If the act of recognition is popular, it will be so for the best of reasons. To it both American traditions and existing American sympathies unmistakably point. We have not always been so extremely fastidious in the matter of welcoming a republican Government in the Old World. Even to the short-lived Spanish Republic of 1873, the Washington Government made haste to hold out a hand of greeting. By all customary tests the Republic in China is now entitled to be recognized as an established régime; and the Wilson Administration does well to take the lead in entering into friendly relations with it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PRESIDENT AND LEGISLATION

President Wilson's much-bruited visit to the House of Representatives last Tuesday and the delivery of his message in person are not to be thought of as a devised sensation for a day. They must have related themselves in his intention to a general policy upon which he has maturely deliberated. He is not a man to do an unaccustomed thing merely in order to set tongues wagging. If he seems to ignore long precedent—though, of course, in the present instance he simply reverted to the precedent set by Washington and the first Adams—it is because he has distant as well as immediate objects in view. The step is only the first in a long series which he means to take. If his new departure impresses the imagination to-day, its main intent is to affect the course of legislation to-morrow and the day after. The plain inference is that the President's going to Congress at its opening was a symbolic act. He doubtless plans to go again; to be often in the President's room in the Capitol. Why? As an earnest of his desire and determination to coöperate actively with Congress in the enactment of laws.

If there is anything revolutionary in this, the country has at least been a long time prepared for it. For many years past there has been in the United States a distinct tendency to exalt the functions of the Executive. We have seen it in cities, where vigorous Mayors with large powers have had a great opportunity. We have seen it in the States, where one forthputting Governor after another has risen to win the confidence of the people and to dominate the Legislature. Above all, have we seen it at Washington. Our national system of government has three centres, any one of which may at a given time become, by the accidents of politics or by the exertion of a forcible personality, preponderating. At first, the Presidency bulked largest. Then the Supreme Court under John Marshall came to be, if not the most conspicuous, at any rate the most subtly influential and far-reaching organ of government. Congress had later its time of appearing to sit at the head of the table, Senators often seeming to dwarf the President. But for long the balance of power has been swinging to the Executive. He has more and more come, in addition to his other duties and powers, to occupy the position of a Prime Minister. He is the leader of his party. He succeeds or suffers by what Congress does or fails to do, and hence he has increasingly assumed responsibility for legislation. To be in close touch with Congress has come to seem a necessity to him. The usual method of bringing this about has been to get Congress to go to the President. Now the President goes to Congress.

Viewed in this way, the change introduced by President Wilson does not seem so startling. Intimate relations and a good understanding between Congress and the Executive are the main things sought by either plan; and his has the advantage of greater directness. But it seems clear that he is thinking of something more than that. He is giving the country early and due notice that he expects to work at Washington as he did at Trenton. As Governor of New Jersey, he held himself as free to address the Legislature as he did the people on the laws that were in need of passage. As President, he will do the same thing. He will have a legislative programme, and he will omit no legitimate effort to induce Congress to carry it into effect.

This is undeniably a bold undertaking. Even to conceive of it requires courage; to put it through will demand tireless activity and unbending resolution. Whether the end will crown the work no one can yet tell. If President Wilson succeeds by this method, he will have gone far towards justifying it; if he does not, his failure will be but the more accentuated and dismal. In his great experiment almost everything will depend upon the manner. Never can there have been a case where the tone will so clearly make the song. It is easy to think of a President making himself active in legislation in a way to be both offensive and alarming. He might be arbitrary and tyrannical. His course might be made to seem deliberately mapped out in order to degrade Congress and rob it of its Constitutional powers. A President putting himself at the head of the populace and going to the Capitol to terrorize Congress into submitting to his will would be a portent from which every sober-minded American would shrink.

But no such blustering or thundering will be done by President Wilson. To the enterprise upon which he is setting out he has given the air of a quiet and business-like putting together of the heads of the Executive and Congress. Both have the same interests at heart. Both are charged with obligations and responsibilities which are in some respects common. Why should they not freely meet and freely confer together as to how to get done the things that both wish done? The thing has all along been done tacitly or secretly. Why not go about it aboveboard and as a matter of course? But, withal, President Wilson must be fully aware that behind it all there lurks a great risk as well as a tempting possibility of achievement. The time is almost certain to come when there will be not only differences of opinion, but a clash of wills. That will be the true test of the power of the Executive. And that final ordeal must have been contemplated by an intellect so forward-looking as Woodrow Wilson's, and for it he must even now be girding himself.

A MINIMUM WAGE LAW FOR WOMEN

It was stated the other day in a New York paper that for the past six months an investigation into the question of a minimum wage for women, under the auspices of the State Factory Investigating Commission, had been going on. The nature of the investigation is thus described:

> The Factory Commission's investigators, some of them graduates of Vassar, not only worked behind the counters with the regular clerks, but lived with the most unfortunate of them, the poorest of them, in their dingy apartments; mixed with their friends after working hours; learned by practical experience how girls making $3, $4, and $5 a week exist; where and how they spend their leisure hours, and what effect small pay has on the morals of the working girls.
>
> These college girls have gone into the slums to get facts and proofs; they have visited the dance halls and the saloons.
>
> These investigators, making sacrifices to learn actual conditions, lived as did the women into whose existence they were so secretly peering.

Facts thus obtained, and reported with accuracy by conscientious and competent observers, are an important part of any inquiry into the minimum-wage question. But from the outset two considerations must be borne in mind by all who appreciate the gravity and the scope of the issue involved.

The first relates to the facts themselves. It requires no argument to prove

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that a woman, paying her way among strangers, cannot live decently in New York on $3 or $4 a week. At what point this does become possible is a question very difficult to determine; and the answer depends not only upon what standard is assumed, but also upon the way in which the wages, whatever they are, are used. At a given wage, say $7, there are thousands of girls and women who contrive to live in some degree of comfort, and thousands of others whose surroundings are squalid and whose life is starved and unwholesome. Nor is it to be forgotten that what is terribly depressing and injurious to a person living in a way foreign to her habits, and greatly inferior to her usual mode of life, may have a wholly different character and effect with those who have been differently brought up. This consideration is important because, in the sympathetic appeal of harrowing tales of privation, even the distinctions which should be made if the statements of facts were taken at their face value are in danger of being forgotten. A case actually made out against the lowest wages to be found is likely to be confused with one made out against any wages lower than those that we all agree would be desirable. It is one thing to decree that starvation wages shall not be permitted; it is quite another to treat all unsatisfactory wages as starvation wages. If it be decided that there shall be a legally established minimum wage, the question whether that minimum shall be strictly a living wage or a wage higher than this, but regarded as necessary for social or other reasons, is not a mere question of detail, but a question of the highest moment, both theoretically and practically. We must keep our minds open on both questions, and we must not confuse the one with the other.

But of far graver importance is the second consideration. If, by a stroke of the pen, a satisfactory wage could be insured to the girls and women who work for a living, without the introduction of any disturbing consequences, approval of a minimum wage law would be almost unanimous. Few would object to such little enhancement of prices of commodities as would result. But we cannot arbitrarily change, in a serious degree, a single important element in a widespread economic situation without profoundly affecting others. Those advocates of the minimum wage who have given real and competent study to the question fully recognize this. Perhaps the foremost of these advocates in this country is Prof. H. R. Seager. In his opinion, a minimum wage law for women would have most far-reaching consequences, vitally affecting the position in life of thousands whom it would crowd out of industrial or commercial employment. Instead of ignoring these consequences, he welcomes them. A few sentences from his paper on the subject may give some idea of his attitude:

> The first effects of such a policy would be a more rigid selection of employees from the larger number of applicants for work and a reduction of the working force, since the higher average of ability would enable a smaller number to do the work formerly performed by a larger number. . . . The entry of more girls [girls unable to find employment in shops] with self-respect and a love for independence into domestic service should quicken the process, which is already under way, of freeing such employment of its servile characteristics and elevating it to the dignity of a skilled trade with regular hours and immunity from the petty impositions which have heretofore made it distasteful to ambitious working girls. . . .
>
> It is undoubtedly true that a determination in favor of minimum wage regulations does commit organized society to a more responsible attitude toward the whole labor problem than any American State has yet adopted. For one, I welcome this prospect, and believe that the more serious attention to the questions of unemployment and its remedies of industrial education and vocational guidance, and of provision for indigent widows and orphans, for the superannuated and for defectives, which it must entail, will prove only advantageous.

But no one can say how extensive this disturbance would be, and how perversely it might operate on the very class whom the measure is designed to benefit. A low minimum, indeed, one that would simply bar out the worst cases of hardship, might create only a very slight disturbance of conditions. But any law that greatly increased the pecuniary attractiveness of the shop or the factory might draw out from tens of thousands of homes girls who now find a balance of advantage in remaining at home, and might thus make harder than ever the lot of other thousands who are dependent on their work for their living. And it is a hazardous reliance, to suppose that the hardships which these would in the first instance endure might ultimately lead to so radical a reform in the conditions of domestic service as to make this an acceptable substitute for industrial or business employment. As for the removal of those minor props to independence of which so many women—and not widows only, by any means—avail themselves, and the substitution for them of a comprehensive pension system, this prospect, so welcome to Professor Seager, will be looked upon with grave misgivings by multitudes of persons no less humane than he in their desires. But we are not passing judgment on the question. We wish merely to give some intimation, at this incipient stage of the discussion, of the reach of the issues which the proposed policy opens up.

PRESS-THE-BUTTON GOVERNMENT.

Gov. Hodges of Kansas is not the first man in this country to suggest the abolition of our two-chamber Legislatures. Some of the Oregon newspapers have made the still more radical proposal to do away with the Legislature altogether, and hand the State over to the tender mercies of the initiative and referendum. What gives the Kansas idea its force is partly the fact that it is the official utterance of the head of a State Government, and especially the circumstance that it falls in so pat with an enlarging wave of political theory. While only a small minority of our cities and towns have adopted the commission form of government, a sufficient number have done so to constitute an argument in any municipality which is debating the question. One of the considerations most prominently urged by those who have just succeeded in persuading Raleigh to try the new form was the fact that two or three hundred other cities had already done so. Could the capital of the Old North State afford to wait for the new municipal dress until everybody else had put it on? One newspaper finds in this way solace for Dayton in its distress: "By teaching the advantage of commission government, these floods may soon repay to the cities concerned more than they cost." Now we have the next step. If commission government is good for a city, why not for a State? Fashions in government, as in every other department of human activity, are catching.

With all due respect to the Chief Executive of the Sunflower State, one is impelled to say that his reasons for advocating a single Legislative Assembly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of eight or sixteen members add nothing to the native attractiveness of the proposal. He is under the embarrassment, to begin with, of acknowledging that the session of the Kansas Legislature recently ended was very satisfactory. His own words are: "I desire to congratulate the members of both branches on the magnificent work which they have accomplished." He goes on to express his belief that they "have worked harder and accomplished more than any Legislature in recent years." Almost every pledge made to the people "has been fulfilled." What motive, then, is behind his suggestion to get rid of so excellent a body? Well, the Governor, it appears, is "convinced that this magnificent record is due rather to the efficient membership of this Legislature than to the system." And so, all aboard for a system that will produce magnificent results regardless of the character of those operating it. How Burke would have rejoiced to see this splendid development of political science!

The points mentioned seem enough to commend the single-chamber Legislative Assembly of eight or sixteen members. But Gov. Hodges has other things in its favor, equally conclusive. Everybody has felt, for instance, the aching void that is created by the adjournment of a Legislature. "It is," says our Kansan statesman, "as if the head of an important department of some other 'big business' should give only fifty days every two years to its management." Accordingly, our new Legislature must sit continuously. If an economic condition should change overnight, we shall be ready the next morning without the formality of a Governor's message calling an extra session. If any citizen thinks of a law that he imagines would look well on the statute-book, a special-delivery letter will get it before the Commission-Legislature in no time. Floods and panics will lose their terrors, if indeed they dare to happen at all, when prosperity can be restored by the pressing of a button. In a word, what Cerberus was to Hades our new kind of Legislature will be to Kansas. The "biennial exhibition of inefficiency" will be a thing of the past, and in its place we shall rejoice in the continuous performance of such a Government as never was on sea or land.

It is the word "efficiency" that gives us the key to the popularity of the whole commission idea. For the moment, the old debate over the respective merits of good government and representative government is loudest on the side of the former. A century of democracy has made us only too familiar with its defects. The machine simply won't run itself, and we are a little tired of having to take so much trouble to make it go. Why not hand the thing over to experts, whom we shall be able to control by the simple device of the recall? In answer, there is no need of denying that we have hitherto undervalued the man who knew how. Still less is it necessary to deny that the ideal is neither good government nor representative government, but representative government which is also good. It is altogether possible, too, that for many cities and towns the commission form will prove successful. But the fundamental error in much of the reasoning that is presented in its behalf is the error that appears so explicitly—and so ludicrously—in Gov. Hodges's statement that it was the members of the Kansas Legislature rather than the system that gave the State the excellent results upon which it is felicitating itself. Is it impossible for us to improve our governmental machinery without losing our heads and expecting that henceforth it, and not we, will be the main element in whatever it accomplishes? If so, the carrying of the amendment for the direct election of Senators will be a grievous disappointment. This putting of the cart before the horse was crisply exposed by William Penn in the preface to his "Frame of Government" for "Pennsilvania" two hundred and thirty years ago:

> Governments, like clocks, go from the motion men give them; and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them they are ruined, too. Wherefore governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments. Let men be good, and the government cannot be bad; if it be ill, they will cure it. But, if men be bad, let the government be never so good, they will endeavor to warp and spoil it to their turn.
>
> I know some say, let us have good laws, and no matter for the men that execute them; but let them consider, that, though good laws do well, good men do better; for good laws may want good men, and be abolished or evaded by ill men; but good men will never want good laws, nor suffer ill ones.

TROTTING FORWARD.

Mayor Gaynor's war upon the cabarets and the dancing teas raises the question whether we are not on the eve of a great awakening in literature and the arts. Our æsthetic development has been retarded by the want of a leisure class. Visitors from abroad are appalled by the chronic absence of the American business man from five o'clock tea. That reproach would seem to be in fair way to be wiped out, when the hitherto tired business man begins to find time not only for afternoon tea, but for afternoon dancing. Formerly he hustled; now he trots. Or is it from some other source than the business world and the professional classes that the mid-day dancers of Broadway are drawn? It is difficult to go behind the returns. What is established is that a leisure class is being rapidly developed in New York. Nor are the other necessary conditions for a flourishing art-life wanting. No one who has spent an hour at a Broadway cabaret can doubt that we are splendidly casting off the shackles of academicism. The spirit of caste and convention is disappearing. Ideals are mingling in delightful promiscuity. A little bit of the overworld, a little bit of the underworld, a *soupçon* of the half-world—there you have the modern synthesis of New York as revealed in the neighborhood of Forty-second Street.

Unfortunately, the old habits are hard to lose. The ideal of leisure is far from receiving universal recognition. Broadway is still imperfectly typical of America or even of New York. It is rather disquieting that the class of social workers is growing almost as fast as the class of social idlers. Deaf to the demands of the higher culture, a great many young men and women, fresh from the colleges, are going in for settlement work. Instead of devoting themselves to the unfolding of their own personality, they go to work in the canneries. Instead of recognizing the truth that duty is an outworn theological dogma, and that life consists in the free and joyful play of the faculties, not overlooking the physical, they go in for such joy-destroying interests as safety legislation in the factories and a living wage for working girls. They are obsessed with the three great D's that make such poor conversation at dinner tables—Delinquents, Defectives, Dependents. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sad truth must be faced. A very important section of the young manhood and womanhood of New York is still in the bonds of the old "slave morality." They are making it very difficult for the cabaret to inculcate that joy of life which is the basis of all great art.

But there is room for hope. Considering how very new is our cabaret civilization, it has accomplished wonders. In the special arts of music and the dance its innovations have been epoch-making. The cabaret singer has gone far beyond Richard Strauss in bridging the gulf between human voice expression and the sounds of the animal world. He has gone far beyond Debussy in the skill with which he has divested his flowing rhythm from the least suggestion of intellectual coherence. Listen to him, and one feels the stiff armor of our artificial sensations and modes of thought drop from his shoulders and experiences the fresh heart-throb of the primitive man lost at midnight in a menagerie. "Primitive" will scarce do justice to his dancing, which calls up simultaneously *Pithecanthropus erectus* and *dementia præcox*. The cabaret influence in standardizing dress ideals, cosmetics, and the vocabulary and humor of the day needs no extended comment. We see the effects on every hand, on Broadway and on Grand Street, in dowagers and débutantes. It is one of the greatest levelling processes known to history.

Like all revolutionary changes, the cabaret movement naturally arouses hostility among the reactionary elements in society. It is too much to expect, for instance, that Mr. Gaynor should easily adjust himself to the requirements of a new epoch and a new outlook upon life. It is even possible to sympathize with his position if, for instance, he should deplore the fact that too many good women, if thoughtless, nowadays array themselves like *demi-mondaines;* that too many girls daub their faces with powders and cosmetics and so destroy the freshness of youth, which is one of the few quickening things that not even a great city can destroy; that, in general, the old distinction between the years is abandoned, stout middle-age aping the graces of youth, youth striving for the cynical knowledge and privileges of old age. Yes, one can see Mr. Gaynor's point of view. But, after all, the question is whether we are prepared to go with the times or against them.

THE CASE OF JONES.

Every one knows that it is too early for Jones to be thinking about getting to the country. His turn will come after Smith's two weeks' outing in August. For Jones is not a commuter; besides, he refuses to call New York suburbs "country." He is scornful of Smith's forward crocuses on Long Island, insisting that more genuine signs of spring are to be found in Central Park; and when Smith announced that a dead tree on his place awaited the axe of some strong man, Jones calmly asked him if it was a young peach tree. Yet for three days last week Jones was not at the office, and when he returned from his "illness" showed a surprising color and talked a good deal about robins and bluebirds and bonfires.

For Jones, the bookkeeper, there was no other way to get what he had to have. Freedom from Saturday at two till Monday at nine made impracticable the journey of four hours which was necessary to land him at the little farm in the hills. During the winter months, as a substitute for exercise, he had increased his smoking, but it hadn't worked satisfactorily. Muscles which used to bulge lay flabby with fat. But now he was coming back into his own. With axe in hand he walked a bit shyly about the tree which the farmer designated. What if he should become too blown to finish the job that morning? It was not what others would think, it was his self-respect that hung in the balance. He extracted no overconfidence from the first few strokes, which went strong and true, knowing that the test would come later; but when, with only a few resting spells, he got to the heart of the tree, there came the exultation in his strength which he used to feel. He laid down the axe in high complacency and threw a stone at a shed, fearing to choose a smaller target. He wondered if he could leap a low fence near by, but decided to postpone the attempt until the next day. In the back of his mind there was also the resolve to put himself to the trial which above all others would tell him whether age was creeping on. He went back to the city well satisfied with his "field day."

Jones is a normal young man, who enjoys the country in the way of many of his fellows. We have emphasized the physical element in his experience, not because he is insensitive to the pleasant smell of burning brush, to timid notes of early birds, or to the light on the hills. But for many city men appreciation of such things comes usually after the young animal within them has had liberty. It is their mediator between the noise of the town and rural silence. Few city dwellers can approach nature directly. In its presence one becomes self-conscious, if lacking a chance for concentration on something else, or a few accustomed distractions. Consider the amateur fisherman. What he notes of the beauty about him creeps in almost unawares, as mind and body healthily relax and expand. Neither he nor Jones would be averse to hearing a locomotive in the valley or to knowing that there was a post office at the foot of the hill. They have no desire entirely to efface the city; in fact, by feeling somewhat in touch with it they enjoy the country more. They are in search of bodily reinforcement which shall help them to outlast the other fellow. If they gain anything in excess of that, so much the better. But they would be apt to describe that excess, even to themselves, in terms of voracious appetite, physical prowess, and sound sleep.

This is quite the reverse of the poets' —many poets'—method. The elation got from exercising the body amid green fields and pure air, if mentioned at all, is subordinated, in their accounts, to easing the soul and thrilling one's sense of beauty. Perhaps that is the reason for Jones's embarrassment at poetical descriptions of rural scenery. Such details, like religion, he would say, should be felt but not talked about, and certainly not consciously sought after. He belongs to no Back to Nature Club.

There is something to be said for Jones's attitude. Nature is like a word or a face: if scrutinized at length, it becomes strangely unfamiliar. We know what insane fancies the German Romanticists read into nature, largely, we may suppose, because they knew not Jones's glee over turning a handspring. The painters, as a rule, have been wiser than the poets. They have recognized the steadying influence of a cow in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

landscape—not a poetized cow, just the usual variety, having her prosaic troubles with flies. To come nearer home than the little farm in the hills, the commuter at his garden plot is a pretty genuine lover of nature. Pottering over his roses and tulips, studying the blight on his hedge, and worrying for fear his tomatoes are not doing as well as his neighbor's, he becomes very friendly with nature. Few people play golf for the sake of the views, yet somehow the views mingle in their recollections of the game. But Jones is neither a gardener nor a golfer, and is very simple. In his crude fashion he requires the "elbow room" of open country, so he says. Why otherwise he should seek green fields for his antics, at the risk of losing his job, rather than a playground, he would find it difficult to explain.

WORDSWORTH AT BLOIS.

Wordsworth, in the "Prelude," gives only a few and for the most part vague statements of fact in regard to his long sojourn in France. His correspondence and that of his friends gives little information about it. Leaving England at the impressionable age of twenty-one, he remained in France for a year, or even longer, when the Revolution was in full career, and came home a convert to its principles. He was at Blois, as is well known, in the spring and summer of 1792, having crossed the Channel on or shortly after November 23 of the preceding year, and stayed, no one knows exactly how long, in Paris and at Orléans. He was already imbued with the doctrines of Rousseau, and was inclined, for this reason and because of his experiences on a former visit to France, to sympathize with the Revolution.

Either at Orléans or at Blois he was disgusted, as he tells us in the "Prelude," with the aristocratic pretensions of a group of royalists into whose company he fell, and at the latter place he formed an intimate attachment to a young republican officer of the Thirty-second Regiment of the line, Capt. Michel Beaupuy, a descendant of Montaigne. MM. Bussière and Legouis, in their monograph, "Le Général Michel Beaupuy," have thrown much light on the history and character of this devoted Revolutionist, whom Wordsworth ranked with the heroes of ancient Greece for patriotism and wisdom. They do not tell us, however, at what time and under what circumstances Wordsworth made his acquaintance. I do not flatter myself that I have fully solved the mystery, but I think I have discovered where and when the poet and the soldier could have met.

On making inquiries, last summer, I encountered some reluctance on the part of persons living at Blois to admit that their ancestors played a part in the Revolution. Blois is now a quiet town, *bien pensant* and conservative. But in the library at the Château I found two manuscript volumes containing the minutes of a Revolutionary club, Les Amis de la Constitution, and other manuscript volumes containing the registers of the Municipal Council, which illuminate the history of the town in 1792, and incidentally Wordsworth's life there. This information I was able to supplement with another manuscript in the archives of the department of Loir et Cher, which contains a list of the members of the club, with their ages and occupations. I received the impression that, so far as Blois at least was concerned, the Revolution was spontaneous, open for the most part in its workings, and generous in its aims. It is easier now for me to understand Wordsworth's persistent faith in it, even through the Terror.

The Society of the Friends of the Constitution met at first in the Abbey of St. Laumer, and afterwards in the Church of the Jacobins, both having been, of course, secularized. It was affiliated with the Jacobin Club of Paris, and one of its chief objects was to be to the Municipal Council of Blois what the Paris club was to the Convention—a prod, or "blower." It served also for the spread and discussion of political news. It kept in touch with the Legislative Assembly, receiving its commissioners and executing some of its orders. It assisted in recruiting soldiers. It educated the townspeople in Revolutionary doctrine and gave direction to public opinion. And, more especially in '93, it fell in with the sinister fashion of denouncing enemies of the republic. One victim of its zeal was guillotined. The waves of fanaticism which swept over it from time to time were coincident with alarming news of invasion. On the whole, the Society, while animated with the most uncompromising zeal for democracy, equality, and the rights of man, preserved a moderate tone. It sided with the Girondins, and its hero at Paris was not Robespierre, but Brissot.

The most striking personality in Blois was the great constitutional bishop, Grégoire, one of the leaders of the clergy who went over to the *tiers état* at Versailles in 1789, and now one of the most prominent members of the Legislature. Grégoire, the son of poor peasants, and a man no less democratic in conduct than in principles, lived with becoming simplicity, occupying only a single room on the third floor of the episcopal palace. Although only about forty years old when he entered upon his complex duties at Blois, he had already played an important rôle in Paris, where, both in the Jacobin Club and in the National Assembly, he had maintained that extreme democratic views were not incompatible with rational Christianity. Owing in some measure to Grégoire's influence, the work of the Society at Blois was largely educational. Month after month, sessions were held every evening, with singing of patriotic songs, recitation of patriotic poems, debates on abstruse questions, speeches by members, and the reading of addresses from Paris and other cities. Under certain limitations, the public were admitted to the regular meetings. There was a ladies' gallery, and music by "nos sœurs" is frequently mentioned. On Sundays and fête-days special educational or religious exercises were held. Speeches that had been much relished on ordinary days were repeated on these grand occasions.

It was with a thrill of gratified expectation that I read, in the register of the Amis de la Constitution, the following minute: "Session of February 3, year 4th of liberty. A member asked for a hearing and proposed two Englishmen for membership, requesting that, as foreigners and not naturalized, they should not be required to take the oath. The matter having been discussed, it was decided that they should not be received, but that, nevertheless, they might attend the sessions." On the same day, "Our brothers of the Thirty-second Regiment took the oath collectively, after the formula had been read."

I have little doubt that Wordsworth was one of the two Englishmen. Beaupuy was certainly one of "our brothers of the Thirty-second Regiment." There are frequent references to this body in the minute-book, sometimes under its old royalist name, "Bassigny." Only a detachment was at Blois, including Beaupuy's company. The rest, and I believe the larger part, of the regiment was at Tours. New members of the Society did not always take the oath immediately after their election, and I think it was Beaupuy of whom it is recorded, on January 22, 1792: "One of our brothers of the Thirty-second Regiment read a most eloquent discourse on political distrust. He made us feel how dangerous it is when it exceeds the limits of that proper watchfulness which is the duty of all good citizens." His paper was followed by a discussion of the danger and the necessity of enthusiasm. The officer's name is badly written, as if the secretary was not sure how to spell the second syllable, but looks like "Beaupuy" or "Beaupuis," the latter being the form Wordsworth uses in the "Prelude." The sentiments of which we thus catch a far-away echo

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are precisely those which Beaupuy is known to have entertained. On January 29 it is recorded that "M. [name not plainly legible, but very much like 'Beaupuy'], officer of the Thirty-second Regiment, gave a second reading of his discourse on distrust, which was received with fresh plaudits."

Beaupuy's company, according to MM. Bussière and Legouis, had been transferred from Tours to Blois in August, 1791. He was stationed there until July 27, 1792, when he parted from his young English friend, now a zealous convert to that religion of humanity which he professed. In any attempt to estimate the living personal influences that determined Wordsworth's character, the name of Michel Beaupuy must come next after those of Dorothy Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

I have said that I have little doubt Wordsworth was one of the two Englishmen for whom application was made on February 3, 1792. In the minutes of the Society no other Englishmen are mentioned or referred to. Wordsworth himself, in his curiously disproportioned Autobiographical Memoranda, tells us that he lived at Blois for some time in 1792, and was there "when the King was dethroned," which was in August. He wrote from Blois to his friend, William Matthews, on May 17, expressing his interest in the fortunes of the Revolution and his anxiety lest its enemies might prevail against it. This is the only part of his correspondence during that year which has been preserved. After beginning to write of French affairs, he checks himself. "The truth is," he says, "that in London you have perhaps a better opportunity of being informed of the general concerns of France than in a petty provincial town in the heart of the kingdom itself. The annals of the department are all with which I have a better opportunity of being acquainted than you, provided you feel sufficient interest in informing yourself." The terms in which he refers, in the "Prelude," to his association with Beaupuy, their walks and excursions together, their long discussions, and his own gradual change, under Beaupuy's influence, from a mere friendly spectator of the Revolution to a grounded and well-informed defender of its principles, make it almost necessary to infer that he was at Blois six or seven months, rather than three. There could have been very few other Englishmen in the place, which at that time had a population of about eleven thousand. Joseph Jekyll, a young English traveller who resided there in 1775, found only one compatriot. And there was now an element of danger, which would tend to keep foreigners away from the interior of France. At no time in the eighteenth century, moreover, was there much at Blois to attract strangers. The larger cities, of Orléans above and Tours below, both offered superior charms.

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER.

FRENCH BOOK NOTES.

PARIS, March 26.

The Parisian yield of noteworthy books in the past year offers a few that fulfil Matthew Arnold's definition of literature as a criticism of life. It is the life of the nineteenth century in its heredity and formation, its authors and ideas.

"Chateaubriand" (Calmann-Lévy—350 pages, 3.50 francs), by Jules Lemaître, of the French Academy, has the alert, worldly, scholarly tone of the *conférences* in which the book was originally delivered. Such conferences are addressed to hearers who gladly learn, but who have an intelligent criticism of their own. Our author has brought this kind of literature to a high pitch of excellence, as he had already done for Fénelon, Racine, and Rousseau:

> [Chateaubriand] knew how to express with words more sensations than any one had done before him. He is the man who "renewed the French imagination" (Faguet). He is the father of romanticism and of well-nigh the whole literature of the nineteenth century. And he is the inventor of a new fashion of being sad. . . . In what concerns his glory, he has had unheard-of luck, all but equal to that of the Emperor. Among our great writers, he is the only one fully astride of two worlds, the only one who belonged to the old régime and the new, the only one who lived almost as much in one as in the other, the only one also who had travelled so much and seen so many aspects of the earth. He was born in 1768, ten years before the death of Voltaire and Rousseau. He died in 1848, when Taine and Renan were already writing. . . . Like the old France and the new, he experienced the harsh transition from one to the other. . . . He saw the Revolution and he saw the Empire. His genius received its finest shocks from reality. . . . He has bequeathed to us fashions of feeling in which we still take delight.

Note that our lecturer, in addition to his own sensitive competence, shows a nimble assimilation of the vast recent literature of erudition which has this epoch-making Chateaubriand for its object: Professor Bédier and the Abbé Bertin on the American journey with its delicious improbabilities; André Beaunier on his friendships with distinguished ladies, and Edouard Herriot on Madame Récamier; Victor Giraud on his particular religious and social bearings; penetrating political pages of Charles Maurras, the advancing prophet of Reaction; and Edmond Biré on the most perpetual of his works, "Mémoires d'outre-tombe."

The book of Chateaubriand which influenced Europe's literature at the time, as Napoleon did its social organization, may be little read now. It is a great excellence of Jules Lemaître that he exhibits such a work in its connections before and after:

> Everybody, after the great orgy of impiety, foolishness, cruelty, and destruction, bore within himself the "Génie du Christianisme," while waiting for a single one to write it out. . . . This book Chateaubriand had the luck to write. He all but invented lay religious speech—and his book began, if it did not engender, a series.

This has its English parallel in Sir Walter Scott's work, which, as Newman notes, prepared willing minds for the Oxford Movement. Unfortunately, our English criticism seldom takes the pains to peer from between book covers at the stream of ideas issuing forth and realized in life. Jules Lemaître's weakest, but to English readers novel and suggestive, chapter, Political Life, may be supplemented from a too little known English writer with views and a right to views, Henry Reeve, who was the friend of Tocqueville and long at the head of the *Edinburgh Review* and the foreign section of the London *Times* ("Royal and Republican France," Vol. II). The Comte d'Antioche has published recently the French Foreign Office documents relating to this activity of Chateaubriand in history-making.

The third volume of the "Histoire de la Littérature Française classique—1515-1830" (Delagrave—600 pages, 7.50 francs), by the regretted Ferdinand Brunetière, has been prepared for publication by devoted disciples; and it is good to know that the final volume will also be published. We have here all the qualities which won a predominant place for its author in the generation now passing—immense erudition, independence and vigor, and philosophic generalization. It is a lasting wonder that official France, in the name of science, should have denied to such a man who had already forced a way for himself in the University the crowning of his career in the Collège de France—a piece of Jacobinism in which Berthelot, the head of French science and a consistent antagonist of Brunetière's thought, refused to join. The present volume is limited to the eighteenth century; but, in accordance with the author's evolutionary method, it goes back to the weakening of the seventeenth-century spirit and the decadence of those who held by the "ancients," to Crébillon's tragedy and comedy from Regnard to Marivaux, to preaching Massillon and doubting Bayle and scientific Fontenelle, with the salon of Madame Lambert; and it goes on with the formation of the new spirit in the first period of the lives of Voltaire and Rousseau, with Montesquieu and the Abbé Prévost and Vauvenargues and the others. Next follows the new spirit

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

at its full in the Encyclopédie. Before the century ends we come to Beaumarchais, Delille, Condorcet, and the *idéologues* detested by Napoleon—and André Chénier, the isolated classic whose light was so long hidden.

"Le Marquis René de Girardin" (Perrin—265 pages, 3.50 francs), by André Martin-Decaen, is "the life of the last friend of Rousseau," composed from unpublished documents in the possession of his decendants. It was worth writing, this story of the eighteenth-century nobleman familiar with the courts of Europe, yet migrating in his prime from his trade of arms to the pleasures of the arts and rustic labors. Ermenonville was his creation, to content his theory of landscape gardening and bucolic philosophy; and there he provided a last shelter for the stormy-lived philosopher who had all his sympathies. There Rousseau died, leaving the Marquis the difficult heritage of his wife, Thérèse, and his glory and the pilgrims to his shrine. And all was sentiment and simplicity and return to Nature, as the marquise noted in her little green copybook. Benjamin Franklin came with the rest and varied the sentiment with electrical experiments. The Revolution followed, with all its disillusion. The friend of Rousseau as a *ci-devant* nobleman was imprisoned with his family; his property, with its landscapes loved by the dying philosopher, was sacked by the unappreciative villagers; and the fall of Robespierre alone averted the fate of the guillotine. The son admired Napoleon.

"Tableau de la Littérature Française au XIXe siècle" (Delaplane—550 pages, 3.50 francs) is an attractive and complete compendium for general readers by Fortunat Strowski, the French University professor, who is so favorably known for his great work on Pascal. It is written along the new lines of history in the University, not dogmatic like Brunetière and Taine, nor critical like Sainte-Beuve, but like Seignobos "objective" and anecdotic. It is all the more readable and contains a wonderful amount of good matter for its compass. It is easily the chief history of nineteenth-century literature in France, if only for the six finely printed, double-columned pages of its index of names. For a book dealing with so many particulars, it is excellently ordered. The first part reaches to romanticism, with chapters on the eighteenth-century inheritance; literature under the First Empire; traditionalist political philosophers (now brought back to repute by Paul Bourget and Young France); Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand. The second part deals with the romantic period, with the Restoration, and the influence of Goethe and German philosophy, and the English influence of Walter Scott and Byron; the passage from the pre-romanticism of Casimir Delavigne to the full-growth of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Vigny, with Alfred de Musset and Stendhal and Mérimée; and a separate chapter on the drama, history, and romance-writing. The third part takes up the Humanitarian and Positivist movement, Lamennais, George Sand, Balzac, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo again, and Michelet. The fourth is the triumph of Positive ideas under the Second Empire, with its devotion to moral problems in Alexandre Dumas *fils* (by a systematic aberration the father, romancer of the universe, is scarcely mentioned, perhaps as not belonging to professorial literature); Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Taine, Flaubert; impressionist and naturalist novels, Goncourts, Daudet, Zola, Maupassant; Parnassian poets from Théophile Gautier to Heredia, and Independents from Brizeux to François Coppée. The fifth part furnishes abundance of names and details from our contemporary period in the various branches of its superabundant literature.

"Moore en France" (H. Champion—180 pages, 8vo) is apparently a doctor's thesis at the University of Lyons. Its English author, Allen Burdett Thomas, has rendered good service to the history of literature by ferreting out the not inconsiderable influence of Thomas Moore's poems in the literary production of French romantics. Pontmartin said: "The youth of 1830 deserted Corneille and Racine to offer incense to insular gods, Shakespeare, Milton, Lord Byron, and Thomas Moore." The connection of Vigny's "Eloa" with Moore's "Loves of the Angels" is a distinct contribution, suspected by Sainte-Beuve, ignored by Brunetière. "Alfred Tennyson—son spiritualisme, sa personalité morale" (Geneva, Librairie Kündig—300 pages 8vo), by Louis Frédéric Choisy, also *docteur-ès-lettres*, will be of real help to all those who still find in Tennyson the most sympathetic expression of their doubts and hopes. In France, Tennyson may be said to have exercised no influence, although he is studied increasingly. Taine gave him a chapter, little kinder than the Olympian judgment of Emerson, and wound up by preferring Alfred de Musset. Montégut pronounced flatly the man a "dilettante" and his poetry "fantasy." The second part of the present book is of chief interest—140 pages on Anglo-Saxon energy, dilettanteism, moral ideal, Christian religion, pessimism and doubt, the problem of immortality, pantheism, the god of love and intuition—all copiously illustrated from Tennyson in English and in French.

"Pages de Critique et de Doctrine" (Plon—2 vols., 340, 325 pages), by Paul Bourget, is a work of the author's latest and approved thought. For thirty years he has been uttering himself, in forty-five published volumes. The book is properly "miscellanies" with a teaching, such as Gladstone foresaw in Paul Bourget's "Disciple." Without the musical cynicism of Anatole France or the emphasis of Zola, and with the disadvantages of a writer seeking to penetrate deeply into his people's life, our author has fulfilled the hopes which Taine conceived of him from the first. He has become more and more a "philosopher" for the new generation. Maurice Barrès, who puzzled Taine, has become by virtue of more brilliant literature a light more immediately shining; but the intellectual reaction which is now sweeping away Young France goes back in large part to Paul Bourget. And this is the chief importance of a book like the present for a foreign public which catches up painfully with French thought. Six portraits conclude the book, the last being Melchior de Vogüé, who twenty-five years ago inspired French youth with a new spirit that was lost in the Dreyfus tempest:

> Truly, are we driven to this alternative—that we must conceive life either mechanically or mystically, that we must sacrifice either Science or Faith, logical deduction or belief? When we try to grasp mentally the movement accomplished by French thought during these twenty-five years, we recognize that all its effort, often obscure, sometimes misled, has consisted in a passionate search for a *via media* between these two extremes.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Although the organized movement against the use of alcoholic liquors is modern, there is a considerable body of literature of an earlier date mainly composed of denunciations of drunkenness and exhortations to more or less of moderation in the use of intoxicants. Such a work lies before me.

> A Treatise Against Drunkennesse. Described In its Nature, Kindes, Effects, and Causes, Especially that of Drinking of Healths, To which are added, two short Sermons Of S. Augustine's, De Tempore, Faithfully translated By Matthew Scrivener. Crimen Placuisse putavit. London: Printed for Charles Brown, Bookseller in Cambridge. 1685. 12°.

It seems a little odd that a Cambridge bookseller should go to London for a printer, but so it is.

The author is not a writer of great distinction, but some of his allegations and admissions are interesting in their relation to the social habits of the days of his "Sacred Majesty" James II. He is a man of some erudition and cites among other authors, great and small, Aristophanes, Godignus, Plutarch, Seneca, Chrysostom, Alexander ab Alexandro, Pliny, Acosta, Jerome, Chaucer, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Augustine, Faustus, Socinus, and "that excellent Poet Oppian." From the last-named he quotes, in a translation presumably of his own making, a reference to "that high-spirited Beast the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Panther as . . . described in a merry Meeting with his Fellows":

To the enraging Fountain they approach,
Lapping brown juice of Bacchus, and then each,
First like to them who in set Dances leade
Do skip; but soon hang down their heavy head,
Their Bodies softly rucking to the ground,
By force of Wine, are on each other found,
As when like aged Lads, upon whose chin,
The tender hairs like downe to shoot begin;
Dare one another, Feasting, Cups to take,
Glasse passing after Glasse, great mirth do make,
Till all is hush: and falling on each other
Their eyes grow dim, and their wits do smother;
Thus these fierce Beasts lying all on an heap,
Do to the hunter fall a prey most cheap.

In "An Advertisement" Scrivener anticipates objections to his daring to speak on this subject, by the "Short defence . . . that it is the undoubted Right, as well as duty, of every good subject to Arm, when the King takes the Field against the Common Enemy. Almighty God, therefore, having, amongst many other Divine Resolutions, and Heroicall Motions, put into the heart of our Dread Sovereign, to make war against the Beast (as the Scripture speaks, Revel. 19:19), or, rather, Beasts of Luxury and Drunkennesse, so far invading and wasting the Nation, as I accounted it safe under so great Protection, so likewise seasonable under so wise a Conduct, to shoot this my Bolt (as the Saying is) at them also; and that foreseeing how apt many will be to make that saying compleat, by calling it A Fools, and soon shot." To what particular action of James II this refers may be a matter for conjecture.

"It is now," says Scrivener, "forty years or more since I cast mine eye on a Foreign Author, who to shew his Eloquence and Wit, hath published an Oration in the praise of Drunkenness, a Subject becoming the Wit and Genious of a Netherlander: wherein I know not that any of our Nation hath imitated him, though the press here hath of late days been too frank of Scandalous Pamphlets, but, I hope, shall never be suffered to produce such a Monster" (p. 10). To what book this is an allusion, I do not know, as it is much too early for the famous "Eloge de l'Yvresse" of Henri de Sallengre.

There is no doctrine of total abstinence from alcohol in Scrivener's book, and he gives up the attempt to define Drunkenness quantitatively. He mentions the saying, "To drink like a Lord," as making it "a piece of greatnesse to be really base." He quotes Plutarch's saying, "That it is not the abundance of Wine and Roast-meat which makes Men cheerful at Feasts, but a fair hope and persuasion that God is propitiously with them, and graciously accepts what is there and then performed," and adds, "I would to God such doctrines as this were more frequent in the mouths of Christians, and their mirth more exactly regulated by such considerations" (p. 39). He complains of the erotic and bacchanalian character of the poetry of his day (p. 44). "I know not," he says, "what peculiar daring spirit is infused with Wine and strong Drinks into the mind of the Drunkard, that he answers all such attempts of reducing him to Sobriety, with jests, scoffs, threatenings, ragings, and worse a great deal many times" (p. 57). He declares that some Sectaries were accustomed "under colour of the great pains they were to take, or had taken in Preaching, to drink Wine and take Tobacco, too (such Sots were some of these sober Men I could name, to their Palates) in the Vestry part of the Church" (p. 63). He has some remarks, too, on the question whether among the Conformists or the Nonconformists there were the greater number of drunkards, and frankly says, "For I do really believe there are more Drunkards professing Conformity to the Church than enmity to it" (p. 85). The effect on the estates of the gentry is thus described:

Yea, the very Woods, Fields, and Pastures, feel the effect of his Drunken humour: For after he hath lavished out that full Stock and Store which his Friends left him, he proceeds to seize upon the very Corps of his Estate, the Annual Revenue not sufficing him to maintain two homes; the one his own House, and the other the Tavern, if he be of the greater Rank; but if of the meaner, the Ale house: or perhaps he brings the Tavern home to his own House, which is worse, and breeds more disorder and confusion in a family, than the other; and so bottle after bottle, and sometimes dozen after dozen bottles are brought forth; so that the Butteries or Cellars expences equalizing many times, and sometimes exceeding the expences of the Kitchen: the Gentleman, as the Prodigal in the Gospel, begins to be in want and falls to borrowing,—and when his credit fails there, wooes his distressed Wife a second time for to release her Joynture, and never considers want and infamy is coming upon him, as an armed man, and upon his children: In the mean time the Timber Falls, and makes the Earth groan and tremble, as it were perceiving its own fate not to be far off; and that Ax is laid on to the Entail, to cut that off, too; and the Tenements mourn and hang their heads, droop, and ready to fall; the Woods and Groves are turned into Champion; And first goes one farm, and then another; and when there remains no more to secure the Prodigal, himself goes to the country-house of such persons, the Prison!

In discussing the causes of drunkenness, Scrivener lays stress upon the drinking of healths—a custom denounced by the Puritans. Our author objects to its heathen origin. He tells the story of "A Suffolk gentleman, the only hope of a flourishing Family," who, at the Norwich Summer Assizes of 1684, was urgently called upon to drink six healths in succession and refusing, was fatally stabbed—"the author of this tragedy suffering condign punishment according to law." In another place he says: "What a grand piece of Honor it is for Kings in a Just and Righteous Cause, or for Honorable and Virtuous Ladies to have that character of Honor done to them, which we have found lately done to the blessed memory (as they call it) of that Infamous Traitor Stephen Colledge; and is commonly done by the same Zealots for Healths to Queans of Lewd Life and Conversation" (p. 137). This is an allusion to the "Protestant Joyner," one of the believers in the sham "Popish Plot," and also one of its victims, who was executed as a traitor, August 31, 1681. His other claim to memory is that he invented the "Protestant Flail," of which the modern life-preserver may be said to be a descendant.

Scrivener was not alone in his dislike of health drinking. In 1684 there appeared "The Great Evil of Health Drinking," by an anonymous author who fully corroborates the testimony of Scrivener as to the danger of refusing to drink a health. "The old form," says this anonymous writer, "which became a proverb, *Aut bibe, aut abi*, 'Do as we do, or begone,' was safe and civil, in comparison with the forms of our young masters, who swear you shall drink, or swear they will run you through, they will see through you, they will pin you to the wall, or fasten you to the ground. These can sacrifice to your health, and send you to hell; damn themselves, and you, too. It is dangerous to drink, and it is deadly to refuse."

However far the civilized world may still be from the ideal state, there has been a striking progress in the direction of temperance since the scandalous days that followed the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of the British Isles.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

WILL THE WORM EVER TURN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the beautiful things about our life in the United States at the moment is its great and increasing opportunities for the development of moral virtues. As a husband, as a father, as a consumer, as a business man while the tariff is changing, as a reader of the daily press, as a tax-payer, your ordinary citizen of the middle class has daily opportunity to grow in grace and to prepare himself, through tribulation and self-denial, for a better world; but I know of no other profession in which these possibilities are wider and more varied than they are in teaching.

One thing which, in my opinion, amounts to a genuine grievance is the tendency towards gratuitous and sometimes unsympathetic discussion of the teacher and his work. Men who have lifted themselves from the routine apply their new point of view to the criticism of teachers, and, naturally, with negative results. Since the views of such men have advertising value and are gladly published, instances are not hard to find. The president of the Carnegie Foundation, whose words are surely important as those of the reigning Czar of American colleges, has himself been a sinner in this direction. I quote certain words of his which, though not of recent utterance, are still characteristic of the spirit of his rule:

Any man who knows American colleges and universities is familiar with the common experience of many of the abler young men who come up through our institutions, spend a year or two abroad, equip themselves well for the work of research, and settle down into the position of an instructor or assistant professor in some institution, full of enthusiasm and ready to consecrate their lives to research work. Scientific men are human like other men. After a few years the investigator marries, the problem of family support becomes urgent, college pay is small, and, while it may pay current expenses, it offers no opportunity to lay up for the future. The candidate for research work looks about for means of turning the grindstone; and a man who has started with flying colors and a buoyant heart for a fine career in research ends by becoming a fair teacher and a patient drudge.—[President's Report, Inst. of Tech., December, 1903.

This sort of comment, with the criticism which it embodies or implies, is likely to be felt as having more of an official character than was intended: and we get it, not only from the Czar, but from most college presidents, and even from the deans! Thus the teacher finds his occupation be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

littled, and his ability called in question, in public print, by his own employers. The situation, I think, finds no parallel in commercial life. Imagine the manager of a department store who found his saleswomen unsatisfactory, and wrote about it to all the journals in which his house advertised. What happened to that man would be no more than he deserved. In business, such conditions are discussed in the manager's office or the board-room; and there, without undue publicity, remedies are devised. Any other course of action quickly strengthens the consciousness of opposing interests. The employee develops grievances. "They care nothing for you," he says, "except what they can get out of you"; and we find him grumbling because "they" reduce an allowance or delay a promotion. He makes much of his outside interests, advising his younger associates to take care of themselves, and not to put all their eggs in one basket; and all these things point to an attitude of mind that, more quickly than any other single cause, will destroy the earning power of a worker. Such is the lesson of business administration; and it should be applied in academic offices. Your college officer is a self-confessed man of affairs and of the world, a student, presumably, of scientific management. He, also, should learn to burn his own smoke.

The other suggestion which flows from the words of Dr. Pritchett quoted above is that promotion and increase of salary should depend upon accomplishment in research work as much as upon ability to teach. This points, I think, to a second grievance of teachers—and often of students as well. The principle has long been systematically applied in many of our larger universities; and has resulted in all but crowding out the teacher. As a consequence classrooms are too often entrusted to men who are impatient of detail, careless in presentation, full of their own mental processes, and unaware of those of their students. For skill in the analysis of coal-gas, or of an Anglo-Saxon root, one may be promoted to a determining voice in the council; but not as yet for skill in the analysis of character. Thus the true teacher, however adroit, doing a necessary work, though humble, and doing it well, is quite crushed with the importance of others. The eye has most emphatically said to the hand, I have no need of thee. This again has no parallel in business. An Italian may black boots well, and with honor, though he is not the inventor of shoe-polish. Our universities, too, have many boots to black. If the men who black them become in time "patient drudges," it is mainly the attitude of their employers that makes them so.

Administrative officers have frequently asserted in the public prints that too many teachers are teaching because they cannot do anything else. The obvious retort is that college administrative officers are administering colleges because they cannot administer anything else. So far as I know, this retort has never been made; and while the "patient drudge," encouraged by the preference of editors for well-known names, continues to let his superiors do all the talking, it probably never will be made.

At present, then, the teacher needs, like poor Queen Katharine, to add to all his other virtues "a great patience"; and he will continue to feel that need till our colleges elect to administrative positions men with common sense enough, and sufficient democracy of soul, to see that something may be done for the workmen, the unorganized labor, of our larger institutions. Scholarship and teaching ability are two separable and often separated faculties, the latter the more directly convertible into money. As a matter of mere business fairness, then, it would be wise to open a more useful and honorable academic career to the teacher, whose power lies chiefly in the direction of dealing with men.

A. T. Robinson.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, April 4.

A QUESTION OF PUBLISHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have lost sixty cents. The amount is small, it is true, but I am one of the proverbial "thrifty" foreigners of American newspaper fame, and I hate to lose sixty cents. It would bring me *Punch* for one month, it would buy me twelve classics in the Reclam edition, and would provide me with most of Molière's masterpieces. This is the way in which I lost my money, and I wish to bring it before the high-tribunal of *Nation* readers to see whether I am right in complaining.

On Saturday, March 29, I bought a little book of less than 55 pages text, written by H. G. Wells and printed by Mr. Huebsch of somewhere on Fifth Avenue, New York. The name of the booklet was the "Discovery of the Future." On Sunday morning I bought the New York *Times*, and my first discovery of the future was the fact that virtually the whole of Mr. Wells's pamphlet (for which I had paid sixty cents) was printed on the front page of the Magazine Section of the paper. The *Times* informs us that Brother Huebsch has given it the permission to publish "the following abstract." Certainly this permission was used in a most liberal way, for omitting the peroration of Mr. Wells, the paper prints virtually everything else (for which I had just paid sixty cents). Now, it seems to me that somewhere there is something in this affair which is not quite as it ought to be. Apart from the loss of those sixty cents, I fail to see why the *Times* should first advertise Mr. Huebsch and then should take all the wind out of Mr. Huebsch's sails by printing said Huebsch's book among its many other valuable Sunday articles.

I do not understand this, and like my foreign brother Hashimuro Togo "I require for answer." Dr. H. W. Van Loon.

Washington, D. C., April 2.

THE COMPOSITE RIZAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of January 9, your reviewer of José Rizal's books pronounces him "a Filipino with no European blood." I fear this is another instance of writing learnedly at long range on Philippine subjects. By far the best work on all matters relating to Rizal has been done by an American member of the Philippine Academy, Mr. Austin Craig. Especially in respect to the Rizal genealogy his researches are the only ones worth mentioning, and in a pamphlet published in 1911 he prints a chart showing how composite a type Rizal was. His ancestry included indeed three Malay (Filipino) tribes (Tagalog, Pangasinan, and Ilokano), but his Spanish blood far exceeded the Ilokano and virtually equalled the Pangasinan, which will doubtless account for whatever truth may be found in the reviewer's further assertion that "the major theses of Rizal are distinctly pro-Spanish in every essential." The fact is, however, that his aspirations were towards Anglo-Saxon rather than Latin ideals. He visited England and the United States, and both by example and by precept advocated the study and use of that same English which our Government is foolishly charged with "forcing" upon the Filipinos, but which the rising generation is now engaged in acquiring with gratifying eagerness. Rizal, too, as early as 1889, in his "Filipinas dentro cien años," displayed rare foresight and familiarity with world movements by suggesting the idea that American sovereignty might one day be extended to this archipelago.

But to return to his ancestry; Mr. Craig has shown by a painstaking study of the sources, including the parish records at Calamba, Rizal's birthplace, that his Chinese blood exceeds all the rest. This fact, which was overlooked or concealed by all previous biographers, explains much, and upon its announcement the large Chinese community of Manila claimed and won, as long ago as 1909, a prominent place in the annual Rizal day parade. In fact, it would be quite as accurate to speak of Booker Washington and the other eminent colored Americans named in your editorial of the same issue as "Bantus with no non-African blood" as to call Rizal "a Filipino with no European blood."

Charles S. Lobingier,
Chancellor, Philippine Academy.

Manila, February 22.

[Accepting Judge Lobingier's correction regarding Rizal's strain of Spanish blood, I do not see how this detail in any way affects my view of the interest attaching to Rizal's novels as showing some of the intellectual possibilities of the Filipinos. As for the emphasis laid above on Rizal as a prophet of American rule, that is something entirely irrelevant to my review and to the two novels, which contain, in fact, no prophecy of American rule and no propaganda of Americanism. The thesis of these two books is pro-Spanish to the extent, and with the limitations, indicated in my review. To suggest, however, that the prophecy of 1889 had anything to do with pro-American sympathies is unfortunate, as shown, for instance, by the fact that Rizal published the document cited in Spain. As Mr. Derbyshire says, the travels in the United States "did not seem to make any distinct impression upon him." I credited Rizal with a general sympathy with Western ideals. The attempt to Anglicize him, to Americanize him, is a sample of the distortions that have always pursued the man. We have had

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Filipino patriot, and the Spanish tyrant. Now it is the turn of the American officeholder.—THE REVIEWER.]

SWIFT'S JOKE ON PARTRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading recently Tirso de Molina's "Los Tres Maridos Burlados," I was struck by the identity of the theme of the first "mockery" (*burla*) with Swift's famous jest on poor Partridge, the almanac-maker—that of soberly publishing the death and burial of a man who is in the full possession of his faculties. It is my conviction that the world does not willingly let die a good thing once well said. I have an impression, gathered from the Memoirs, that Swift read Spanish. Is Tirso de Molina his source? Why does not some student of comparative literature give other versions of the same jest?

CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.

Tufts College, April 2.

"WITCH MONEY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. J. M. Hart, in his article on "The Adoration of the Magi" (*Nation*, March 13), comments upon the early transition of the "wise men" in popular belief from magi to magicians, and upon their special potency against epilepsy. It is a long descent from twelfth-century St. Elizabeth of Schönau, invoking for her ailments Melchior, Balthasar, and Caspar, to a Tuscan peasant of our own day; but a medal in my collection of Italian amulets seems to establish their kinship.

This wonder-working piece of brass displays on one side the three kings kneeling before the Holy Family; on the reverse are the words:

S 3 Reges
Gasp. Mel. Bald.
orate pro nobis
nunc et in hora
mortis nostrae
Amen

The medal was issued from a convent in 1908 to a young shepherdess who had led her flock for summer grazing to the Apennines. For a holiday she went to visit an aunt in a mountain village some forty kilometres from Florence. Ignorant of her kinswoman's possession of the Evil Eye, she could in no way account for her own sudden prostration with vertigo. Unable to stand or to eat, she was rescued from her unwonted plight through the wise counsel of neighbors. The aunt was a good woman, they all agreed, of generous heart and very pious; but so baneful was her glance that when she went to mass the priest might be sure of officiating for her alone. The remedy was simple—the wearing of a *medaglia delle streghe* (witch medal) obtainable from certain nuns in Prato. As the sufferer could not rise from her bed, a kindly woman lent her the necessary charm. It was none other than the medal described above.

The girl's recovery was immediate and so lasting that she tarried with her aunt in peace and comfort. In the autumn she was in Florence on her way to winter pasturage in the Maremma. Full of enthusiasm over her miraculous recovery, she had procured two medals from the sisters in Prato, and, being in radiant health, she was quite willing to exchange one piece of her "witch money" for coin of another sort. R. W. BUELL.

Marietta, O., April 3.

Literature

HYNDMAN'S REMINISCENCES.

Further Reminiscences. By Henry Mayers Hyndman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Mr. Hyndman states that he was encouraged by the cordial welcome given to his earlier volume of autobiography (reviewed in the *Nation* of November 30, 1911) to complete his memoirs. We are glad that he has done so, because this new volume has great value. Not only is it written with the ease and frankness indispensable to good autobiography, but it shows us the leading British Socialist of his generation in the thick of the fight which Socialism has been waging for thirty years past. By reading it attentively, we get not merely the theories and ideals which Socialists profess: Mr. Hyndman shows us the motives which really inspire them and the deeds they actually do

Born to wealth; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; one of the best cricketers of his time; a lover of adventure; versatile; full of British vigor and brusqueness, which did not, however, shut him out from contacts with persons high and low; a mining expert and investor in Australia and our West—Hyndman had lived half-a-dozen lives before he dedicated himself unreservedly to Socialism five and thirty years ago. Marx was his master, and Hyndman remains to-day an uncompromising Marxian. His reminiscences are nearly evenly divided between persons and events, with doctrines and criticisms sprinkled freely throughout the book.

He gives a sympathetic sketch of Michael Davitt, whom he ranks with Garibaldi for "sheer force of moral worth and nobility of character." Hyndman himself, being an Irish Land Leaguer, was behind the scenes, and he furnishes evidence to confirm his high estimate of Davitt. He also reports some characteristic doings of the Irish conspirators. His eulogy of Davitt is all the more magnanimous, because he believed that Davitt's views on Socialism and political economy were unsound and harmful.

To Lady Warwick, the only aristocratic woman in Europe who, disregarding her caste, her traditions, and her material interests, came out courageously for the cause, Mr. Hyndman pays a high tribute. He still retains enough of the inherited ideals of the past to write with chivalrous fervor of the beautiful Countess, whose career, he thinks, has just begun; and he defends her from the criticism of those who ask why she does not sell all and give to the poor, if she is really sincere in her desire for Socialism. That question, he says, applies "to all who are living upon rent, interest, or profit in any shape, and are taking no part in the actual direct work of producing and distributing wealth. But, as I have often pointed out, . . . surrender by one, under existing economic conditions, only means appropriation by another. The system of wage-earning and profit-taking is not to be broken down by mere personal sacrifice, no matter how noble such foregoing of wealth and position may appear from the old ascetic morality point of view."

The best of the personal sketches is devoted to Bernard Shaw, in whom Mr. Hyndman detects Heine's power of turning to you the seamy side of any subject which he has just presented from a pleasing point of view. He has several revealing anecdotes, much penetrating literary analysis, and a survey of Shaw and the Fabians, whom he regards as obstructionists and reactionaries. This is a chapter which all who are interested in the most discussed British writer of the day ought not to overlook. Mr. Hyndman concludes that Shaw is, first of all, a poseur; but that, although the mercurial Irishman deserted the Socialist cause, he is indirectly helping on the social revolution by exposing with mordant wit the paradoxes, evils, and shortcomings of the present régime. Mr. Hyndman devotes other chapters to Henry Labouchere, the quintessence of cynicism; to W. T. Stead, whom he underrates; to Walter Crane and Blatchford; to Eleanor Marx and her depraved lover, Edward Aveling; and to some of the Russian Revolutionists—including Stepniak, Lavrenius, and Azeff, whose claim to the title of most infamous of traitors seems indisputable.

Even more significant, however, is that part of the book in which Hyndman tells of the work which he has directed for nearly a generation, and criticises the evil conditions to which industrialism, as he charges, has brought England. In that, the richest of all lands, there are, according to him, thirteen million people in poverty, and of that number more than half regularly feel the pinch of hunger. Nowhere else does the hideous contrast between vast wealth and widespread misery flaunt itself so openly. The realization of the suffering and injustice has burned into Mr. Hyndman's soul. He shows a savage indignation towards the industrial system which has reduced so large a proportion of the modern world to the condition of hopeless helots; but he believes in education and progress through politics; if that fails, he would resort to violence.

We find no satisfactory statement from him of what will happen when thoroughgoing Socialism is established. His main concern is to destroy the ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

isting monster; reconstruction will take care of itself. When everybody has enough to eat and to wear—when the state and not a Gradgrind capitalist is the taskmaster—when the distinctions between rich and poor are blotted out—virtue, apparently, will flourish without effort. There will be no crime, because crime is simply disobedience to statutes which capitalists have framed to protect their own interests. There will be no sins—because sin is disobedience to an artificial moral law based on an obsolete supernaturalism. Just how the lazy are to be made to work, the grasping are to be transformed into the unselfish, and those who now are loyal only to their appetites will suddenly develop a consuming loyalty to the state; he does not explain. Like the extreme Abolitionists in 1861, he would probably say, "Emancipate, and let come what will."

The most repellent side of Mr. Hyndman's doctrines concerns the relations between the sexes. He never mentions marriage without sneering at it as a "bourgeois institution." Promiscuity, and even prostitution, have no rebuke from him, so long as they are voluntary. He speaks rather pityingly of his hero, Davitt, because "his inherited abhorrence of sexual laxity drew him into mistaken and injurious action towards Parnell." While this brutal frankness is more wholesome than a certain phase of English cant on the sexual question, it will not attract to Socialism those sane persons—and they are still in the majority—who recognize that the family must be the unit of any civilized society. Perhaps the following sentence gives the measure of Mr. Hyndman's insight and gospel better than many pages could: "Brahma, Buddha, Christ, Confucius, Mohammed, all the saints and prophets and martyrs who ever lived and died, have not affected the form of society so much as the invention and application of a single new engine of production."

The final value of Mr. Hyndman's book lies just here: it unfolds the ideals, opinions, prejudices of the chief English Socialist, who is much more than a narrow doctrinaire. He speaks out on all subjects. His judgments invariably refer to the Socialist cause. He detests the present Liberal Ministry; he regards Lloyd George as a trimmer and Keir Hardie as a backslider, but he apparently approves of William D. Haywood's policy of retaliation in Colorado and at Lawrence. And although Socialists generally affirm that their creed would abolish militarism, Mr. Hyndman makes an exception of Germany and preaches that England must increase her navy and organize a strong army against the German menace. Critics of American railways may be surprised to find him attributing the decline of British agriculture to the backwardness of British railway management. He goes so far as to urge the British directors to copy American methods, including those for the protection of employees and passengers.

CURRENT FICTION.

Jean-Christophe: Journey's End. (Love and Friendship; The Burning Bush; The New Dawn.) By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Now that the concluding portion of this long romance—in the French version it is issued in ten volumes—has appeared, your reviewer must concede a virtue which it was difficult to feel in the previous instalments. The central personage contrives in the end to stand out clear and distinct. Nor has the author altered his method. Here are the accustomed formlessness, the congeries of incidents growing out of no organic plot (each being manufactured to illustrate whatever phase of character is uppermost at the moment), the same garrulity and preachment. Yet the reader, if he has patience, will carry away the memory of a powerful personality. The first English volume followed the life of the great musician to be—said by some to be patterned on Beethoven—from birth in a small town on the Rhine to a period in young manhood when, owing to his participation in a political disturbance, he is obliged to flee from his country and goes to Paris. In the second volume he continues, in that city, to fight for his ideals, and succeeds after direst poverty in achieving fame. The final volume sees him disdainful of the petting Parisian society is eager to bestow and still living in meagre circumstances. Yet he enjoys a rich friendship, culminating in honest love, with a lady of quality—the Grazia of Volume I—besides less worthy, though for the moment sincere, affairs with two other women. He dies in middle life, glowing to the end with the thought of the splendid battle for righteousness which life holds out to the robust and brave. Loyalty to principle and to friend is his outstanding quality.

Although M. Rolland's method of construction is open to severe criticism, it is possible that no more rigid literary form would have contained all that he desired to say. For the work as it stands is a running comment on the main tendencies of music, literature, and politics during the past fifty years. "Jean-Christophe" has the looseness of the ancient epic romance, themes provided with personal names for the most part taking the place of people. Yet M. Rolland has gone deeply into the spiritual possibilities of the present age. If he seems at times to revive the spirit of German Romanticism, he will gain some indulgence from the fact that his hero pursues an emotional profession. We can think of no one so well equipped as M. Rolland to describe precisely the delicate shades of feeling which contribute to a musician's development; he has a rare gift of language and is a skilful psychologist. "Jean-Christophe," despite its great shortcomings as a novel, is a stirring attempt to present sincerely an important message to a material-minded generation.

'Twixt Land and Sea. By Joseph Conrad. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The title is explained by the sub-titles of the three tales here assembled. The first is "a harbour story," the second "an episode from the coast," and the third "a story of shallow waters." The leading figure in each of the stories is a trading skipper of the south seas, but a skipper in some sense out of his element. Ships provide the background for some of the scenes, but they are ships at a disadvantage, unheroic; becalmed, or at anchor, or the victim of flat mischance in fair weather. Even the sea is not the deep sea of Mr. Conrad's devotion, but a broken body of water surrounding various man-infested bodies of land, and subject to indignities. A sense of uneasy and not always seemly contact between land and sea, landman and seaman, is strong in the book.

The exotic flavor of these stories is not wholly due to their setting. Though this writer long ago chose English for his medium, his masters are not more English than Polish, but French. Even the details of his style, his sentence-structure, his rhythm, often recall the great French story writers. There are whole pages in the present volume which have the effect of a translation, a very beautiful and almost concealed translation, from the tongue of Gautier and Maupassant.

> Very soon I became entranced by this blue, pinnacled apparition, almost transparent against the light of the sky, a mere emanation, the astral body of an island risen to greet me from afar. And I wondered half seriously whether it was a good omen, whether what would meet me in that island would be as luckily exceptional as this beautiful, dreamlike vision so very few seamen have been privileged to behold.

What the island holds for the narrator, captain of a freighter, is an experience, under less idyllic conditions, such as one associates with the dreamy inconclusive art of Loti. It holds, immured in a tropical garden, a daughter of unhappy parentage and of the South; a creature fierce, silent, and morbidly beautiful. Without experience of man, she is quiveringly fearful of him, a savage in a dingy wrapper, a proud and sullen animal from whom anything may be expected. Under her strange spell the skipper, idle ashore, presently falls.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He is a man of breeding, and does not succumb without an effort; but he succumbs. No tragedy ensues: their single embrace is an embrace of parting. And the smile of fortune which is the indirect result of their fragmentary amour concerns a lucky deal in potatoes which fetches the skipper out of his hazard with a substantial profit. The odd fascination of the tale, like that of its companions, is due to Mr. Conrad's faculty of creating an atmosphere—the atmosphere of a strange enchantment, or a deadly fear, or an imminent catastrophe.

Crossriggs. By Mary and Jane Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Penny Monypenny. The same.

Seven Scots Stories. By Jane Findlater.

These books belong to the class vulgarly known as "gumdrop literature"—old-fashioned, harmless distractions in which one may indulge *ad libitum* with no worse consequence than a slightly uncomfortable sensation of futility.

The seven short stories have the advantage of being built on the most elementary plan. They have a certain quaintness to commend them, due partly to the homespun quality of the style and partly to the extreme simplicity of the characters and situations. They tell of life in poor people's homes, and most of them are about children; for instance, the valiant "bairn-tender," and Mysie, whose pet lamb waxed fat with too much cosseting—and butted. One would expect them to please child readers by all the little homely, uninspired touches with which the local color is laid on, and by a slightly concealed abundance of moral plums to tempt the juvenile thumb. American readers will find some things to puzzle them in the experiences of a laddie who adventurously escorted his feeble old grandmother from the Hebrides to visit her son in the States. Although the "Flat-Iron-Sky-Scraper" had already been erected in New York, Uncle Charlie, near Memphis, Tennessee, was still living on the apparent edge of civilization, in a region of "settlers" and "clearings," populated largely by "descendants of the convicts who had been sent out to the plantations in old days," and visited by roving bands of Mexican horse-traders.

The novels are more sophisticated in tone, and deal with the family problems of Scotch gentle folk for whom life is complicated somewhat by social distinctions. The heroine of "Crossriggs" is the practical daughter of an amiable visionary and the maiden aunt of a fatherless brood of six. Her sole economic resource is a beautiful reading voice which she employs in a semi-professional way. To her household burdens are added amorous woes. Besides the exemplary married friend whom she loved and was loved by with virtuously repressed passion, there was also the very young admirer whom her displeasure drove to ill-advised marriage and subsequent suicide. No wonder poor Aunt Alex kept growing thinner and thinner, paler and more headachy, from chapter to chapter.

Penelope Monypenny is a much more presentable heroine, the delicately nurtured daughter of a charming young widowed mother. The great problems of this story are to provide a proper husband for pretty Penny and a proper heir for her two crusty bachelor uncles. Eventually it is all satisfactorily arranged through the introduction of a distant kinsman, who by name and by nature is exactly fitted for both rôles. But the ending, blessed by prudence, is procured at the expense of the most likable character of the book, Penny's cousin and early sweetheart, a young consumptive genius whom it is necessary to cast into outer darkness beyond the pale of respectability in order to clear the way for his more eligible successor.

The Street of the Flute-Player. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

By the help of a sufficient amount of "local color," the plot of a short story may easily be made to serve for a novel. If any one doubts this, let him read "The Street of the Flute-Player." The scene is Athens, near the close of the Peloponnesian War; but the writer is not even compelled to draw upon history to eke out his material. It is the time of the grape-harvest in 405 B. C.: yet we hear no echoes of Arginusæ or Ægospotami. Pure description takes the place, not of sense, perhaps, but of the story. The Acropolis, the Piræus, the Agora; street scenes, banquet scenes, sea scenes—these are the staple of the book. "By his capacity for reverie," the author tells us, "you may judge the work of any critic of art, or artist." If this is true, then Mr. Stacpoole deserves to rank very high; for at the most exciting moment of his plot he is capable of dropping the story to indulge in a long reverie about the merchant ship on which the scene is for the moment laid. Readers who like modern sentiment and sentimentality in a classical setting, and are not disturbed by inaccuracies, will probably find the book enjoyable. But even these, we fancy, will find a good deal to skip.

The Gloved Hand. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The author retains in this tale of mystery the central characters of his rather successful story, "The Boule Cabinet"—Lester, the middle-aged lawyer, and Godfrey, the reporter, who was formerly a member of the New York Detective Bureau. Since they are modelled after Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes, they furnish an acceptable means for keeping the line of reasoning leading to a solution of the plot fresh before the reader and for spurring him on to his own best efforts. Godfrey's dazzling inferences are always made from evidence presented to all, and never from secret information. There is a police captain, brave as a lion and, of course, quite as dull. In the present instance an old gentleman, living with his beautiful young daughter in a walled estate on the edge of the Bronx, has been murdered. Suspicion is cast on an Oriental and his man, who also dwell on the estate and whose religion the victim had espoused. But the bloody fingerprints of a law student, who is in love with the daughter against the father's wishes, seem to incriminate him hopelessly, especially since it is known that he had a secret meeting with the daughter on the grounds the night of the murder. Except at two points of the story the explanation of the crime is well concealed; let the reader be alert.

The Woman in Black. By E. C. Bentley. New York: The Century Co.

The author of this story is the chief editorial writer of the London *Telegraph* and presumably an Englishman; yet he can write the argot of Wall Street and Broadway with extraordinary vigor and accuracy—which for an Englishman is an almost unparalleled achievement. This accomplishment, of which Mr. Bentley may not be very proud, is a matter of some importance, since the plot of his book turns on the murder of a great despot of Wall Street who has married a British wife and is living in a quiet English country house, and one of whose secretaries is also from the financial shambles of New York.

It would be an ill service to the reader to indicate the nature of the plot. Sufficient to say that it is one of the very few good detective stories published in several years. It has its technical faults: the gentleman from Scotland Yard is rather superfluous from the beginning, and soon drops out altogether, and at one critical place the narrative gets a bit confused. But withal the plot and its unravelling are unusually clever, and the climax comes at the end with a good snap.

RAILWAY PROBLEMS.

Railroads: Rates and Regulation. By William Z. Ripley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

This volume on the public relations of railways is to be followed soon by a second on finance and corporate relations. In these two volumes Professor Ripley is presenting the most exhaus-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive study of the railway problem in the United States that has yet appeared. By his intimate knowledge of the whole field of railway operation and by his attractive literary style, he has produced a book that is likely long to remain a standard authority on the subjects discussed. However, its six hundred and fifty pages are not for the novice. The reader must have some notion in advance of the fundamentals of the subject; otherwise he will become lost amidst the abundance of detail. For if there is one outstanding weakness in the book it is lack of clear generalization. Professor Ripley has in part anticipated this criticism in his preface and has insisted that, if the only scientific method of treatment is to formulate economic principles from concrete data, then the massing of illustrative material is inevitable. We would not quarrel with the method; we would simply say that, after patiently following the author through his detailed explanation of rate adjustments, we do not meet with any clean-cut statement which fixes in our minds the underlying principle. Doubtless we are making a serious demand upon the author's powers; perhaps an impracticable one. But if generalization is difficult for the author, it is doubly so for the reader.

After an excellent introductory chapter on the history of transportation in the United States, the book is devoted almost wholly to the problem of rates. Professor Ripley displays an unwavering loyalty to the Interstate Commerce Commission. He is a frank advocate of the regulation of rates and services by such methods, and looks with evident satisfaction upon the steadily increasing administrative powers of the Commission which are freeing it more and more from judicial interference. It would hardly be just to charge him with any pronounced partisanship in his attitude towards the settlement of problems involving the conflicting claims of shippers and carriers; on the contrary, his judgments on the whole are well-balanced and dispassionate. Yet, as he freely admits in his preface, his bias, if bias there be, favors the "dim inarticulate multitude" which is in need of effective advocates.

A brief summary of Professor Ripley's position on some of the controverted points of the railway problem may be noted. He does not advocate either the value-of-service or the cost-principle of rate-making to the exclusion of the other; both principles are of equal importance and the precedence of one or the other depends upon the conditions in each individual case. The important problems still to be settled are those involving transcontinental rates and the Southern basing point system. The latter he regards as a concomitant of industrial immaturity which should finally be rejected in favor of a system of rates graded more nearly in accordance with distance. He believes a uniform classification to be probably impracticable in a country of such diversified industry, but maintains that reform of classification practice is "the greatest need of the time in the transportation field." Pooling is vigorously advocated as the only way to prevent consolidation. Attempts to perpetuate competition by legislation defeat their own end. The vigorous attacks upon the railways for their lack of efficiency do not meet with much sympathy from the author. He clearly recognizes the limitations to the application to railways of principles that have proved so successful in manufacturing plants. In the matter of rates for the future he recognizes the burden of increased prices and wages under which railways are struggling, and lays down the general principle that a sufficient surplus earning power must be permitted to insure investment in railway securities. On the question of the rehabiliment of waterways, Professor Ripley takes the conservative position which is slowly making headway, that large expenditures should not be entered upon without thorough inquiry as to whether the results will be in any way commensurate with the cost, and repeats the warning often uttered that it is fallacious to overlook construction expenses paid for out of the Federal Treasury when estimating the cost of water transportation. His prediction concerning the effect of the Panama Canal is that the railways will probably prefer to surrender some of their competitive traffic in order to maintain charges on the major portion of their tonnage; but that in the long run the development in prosperity of the entire West as a result of the canal will materially enhance railway revenues.

In a book of such great detail it would be surprising were some inaccuracies not found. A few only of them will be noted here. It is implied that Gallatin's proposal in 1808 for an expenditure of $20,000,000 related only to highways, whereas canals and rivers were the major consideration. Peter Cooper's "Tom Thumb" made its trial trip from Baltimore, not from Philadelphia. The Camden & Amboy Railroad did not cover the entire distance from New York to Philadelphia. Dunkirk, New York, not Dunkirk, Ohio, was the terminus of the Erie in 1851. The Massachusetts Railroad Commission of 1869 was not the first Commission in the country, but was preceded by several others, beginning with 1844. The statement that a physical valuation was provided for in the Mann-Elkins act of 1910 is not borne out by an examination of the statute. The discussion of Judge Humphrey's "immunity bath" granted to the beef-packers in 1906 is inaccurate in stating that the decision was rendered by the Supreme Court, and in implying that the obstruction interposed to the use of evidence obtained in general governmental investigations still exists. The decision was rendered by a District Court and could not be appealed because the Government had no right of appeal in criminal cases. However, shortly thereafter statutes were passed removing the prohibition on appeal by the Government, and providing that immunity could be procured by witnesses only when testimony was given under oath in obedience to a subpœna. Again, it is difficult to harmonize the author's statement at the beginning of chapter vii that personal discrimination has been "practically eliminated since the enactment of the Elkins amendments," with the detailed discussion of the previous chapter, in which a definite impression is left on the mind of the reader that this form of discrimination still extensively prevails. Finally, reference should be made to Professor Ripley's frequently reiterated assertion that railway rates have sharply advanced since 1900. It would not be practicable here to enter upon a discussion of this highly intricate question. So unsatisfactory is the data upon which one must rely for a demonstration that even the author is forced to admit that one is almost at a loss to strike a fair balance between the advances and the reductions. It is sufficient to state that in our opinion the assertion has not been proved.

But all these points to which criticism has been directed are minor blemishes in a treatise of high merit. Leaving out of consideration books devoted to special phases of the problem, this is the most scholarly work that has appeared on American railways since Hadley's "Railroad Transportation" in 1885.

The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century. By E. S. Roscoe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

This book is attractive in appearance, it is embellished with twenty-four illustrations, and its preface invites serious consideration. Avowedly inspired by Sir Leslie Stephen's Ford lectures at Oxford, which were published under the title, "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," it does not profess to bring forward minute new facts, but "to systemize the materials which are already in existence; in other words, to form a clear and general view of the age." In the first part are presented three representative cities: London, the capital; Bath, the city of pleasure; Liverpool, the seaport. In the second are studied the "conspicuous groups": the nobility, the men of the industrial revolution, the new provin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cial citizen, the woman of letters, the naval officer, the country clergy, the peasant. It is not irrelevant to our purpose to add that Sir Leslie Stephen approached the hazardous task of historical generalization as author of the monumental "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," and that Mr. Roscoe has written lives of George Selwyn and of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

Partly from complimentary deference to the political and legal historians who had preceded him on the Ford foundation, partly from his half-mocking native humility, the learned historian of eighteenth-century thought assigned to his own special interests a very lowly place, and for the nonce treated literature as rather responsive to social influence than socially influential. Mr. Roscoe, adopting without much reservation the economic view of progress, includes not merely literature, but politics as well, among the much overrated forces in social advancement. The one outstanding living fact for him in the eighteenth century is the development of the middle class in self-consciousness, wealth, and power, primarily through the application to industry and commerce of middle-class brains and inventions. Philosophy, art, and letters are but the dust thrown up by the whirling chariot wheels of the Captains of Industry. Aside from the industrial activity, eighteenth-century England seems to present itself to Mr. Roscoe's eyes as an operatic stage upon which troops of agreeable but unimportant actors have been drawn up in orderly lines for the drop of the curtain.

The vision of the eighteenth century which Mr. Roscoe offers to us is unquestionably general, and yet it is far from clear. It is his central thesis that in the eighteenth century a great middle class achieved for the first time solidarity and self-consciousness, yet he fails in his attempts to define the limits of that class and to segregate its characteristics. On page 146 the middle class is briefly characterized as "the Men of the Industrial Revolution." On page 149 the middle class is said to be "composed of persons nearly all of whom have an occupation for the purpose of earning a livelihood"; yet here are included not merely those engrossed by commerce, manufacture, and agriculture, but also lawyers, doctors, professors, and clergymen. Darkness thickens when on page 157 we are told that the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* "would scarcely have existed had there not been a middle class which read in them about the foibles and the weaknesses of those who belonged to their own section of society." To speak of these organs of wit and fashion and good breeding as indicative of the arrival of a new middle class still in the making is completely to confound the rising class of the Philistines or bourgeoisie with the ancient and exclusive classes of the gentlemen and the nobility to which Steele and Addison certainly addressed their efforts.

But let us grant, as Mr. Roscoe seems on page 149 to assume, that the middle class comprises virtually every one but the noble, the lower order of artisan, and the peasant. Then to declare that "most of the famous literary names of the eighteenth century belong to it," proves nothing, for the statement would be equally true of the seventeenth century or of the sixteenth. Furthermore, it might be added that this body of the people attained a fairly high degree of political self-consciousness under the Commonwealth. And certainly in the seventeenth century there existed already that *entente cordiale* and personal friendship between the English nobleman and the French aristocrat which Mr. Roscoe notes as a unique condition in international society which is only to be found during the eighteenth century. To assert that from the accession of William III to the death of George II "scarcely any one" but the peers "knew foreign languages at all" is a generalization too wild for discussion. Evidently, Mr. Roscoe has for the moment lost sight of the middle-class men who were writing and reading the Queen Anne periodicals, and has fixed his eye upon the men of the industrial revolution, who were engrossed all day by commerce and agriculture, and who made the "future of England." But the facts have to shift for themselves when one is presenting a general view. "The woman of London was"—now what can one say of the "woman of London" except that she was a woman? Mr. Roscoe does her up in half a dozen epithets as who should say, "The woman of New York is simple, chaste, and unassuming; she spends her day in seeing musical comedy and canning pickles."

By similar inductions we reach the grand generalization that the "man of the eighteenth century"—who persecuted Dissenters, adored Wesley, fought the Deists, rioted under Gordon, swore by Hume, adhered to Godwin, cultivated a taste for Pope and Ossian and Johnson and Blake, adopted the political faith of Lord North, and was hand-in-glove with "Junius," Wilkes, and Fox—that the "man of the eighteenth century," as we were saying, was prosperous, serene, and settled in religion, philosophy, morals, and taste. In our attempts to visualize the "beast," as the late William James would say, we have sometimes felt like Æneas in Hades embracing an evanishing phantom, and sometimes like Miltiades examining a photograph of the battlefield of Marathon. Somehow in its impressive migration across the eighteenth-century scene, the various red-blooded bickering multitude, moving with pace now loitering, now quickened to panic by explosions of passion and intellect, eludes the vague wide clutch of the generalizer's fingers.

Edinburgh and the Lothians. By Francis Watt. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.50 net.

The Gateway of Scotland, or East Lothian, Lammermoor, and the Merse. By A. G. Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

These look like good examples of the glorified guide-books; but in truth they are much more. We may pass quickly in both cases from the inevitable colored illustrations, good as they are—twelve by Walter Dexter in Mr. Watt's book and eight with a wealth of line drawings by A. L. Collins in Mr. Bradley's—to the text which is the text and no mere supplement to the pictures.

Naturally, Mr. Watt's personality has less opportunity of asserting itself, so long at least as he is under the shadow of Edinburgh. Of the Edinburgh of history and tradition it is hard to say anything new. Full success can lie only in so telling the tales of the past as to evoke their ghosts in the city of the present. And that is well done here, with an abundance of detail, with imagination and force. For this is no gathering up of the ordinary old stories, the worn tags of touristry. There are many bits that will be new to most, and the linking through straggling modern names of that last great Edinburgh—the capital of eighteenth-century English literature—to the present decorous town of law and the three-per-cents is done with instinct by one who has himself, as an Edinburgh student, inherited the vanishing memories.

But away from the smoke of the city and out on the road to Queensberry and Linlithgow on the one hand, and, on the other, to Roslin, Haythornden, the Lammer Law, and on to North Berwick and Dunbar, the figure of the wanderer appears, free of the countryside on his own feet. There are old stories still, but the quiet tracks of the Lammer Muirs and the fascination of Linlithgow, loch and palace, are of the present age. It is a pity, though, that the Edinburgh man could not remember to bring in Alexander Smith, the Glasgow poet of Ayrshire origin, whose "Dreamthorpe" Linlithgow was. Edinburgh cannot easily forgive him for writing on Glasgow a poem of sombre magnificence—the like of which neither Scott nor Robert Ferguson nor Stevenson has given to their own more romantic town. It is a curious illustration of the right of eminent domain over things Scottish which Edinburgh exerts in foreign minds, that when Lafcadio Hearn remembered Alex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ander Smith's poem he remembered it as "Edinburgh," and not as "Glasgow."

Still more of the present and of a still wider experience and interest is Mr. Bradley's book. The "Ringwood" of sporting papers in the *Field* for more than thirty-five years—and "sporting" has a very different meaning in England; intimately acquainted with farming in the Lothians from his youth; equally in touch with American country conditions, in Virginia and in Ontario and the Northwest; an unwearied wanderer on the Welsh and Northumbrian Marches and with, in his own phrase, "a feel for a country"; a man with views of his own on the farming and laboring classes of the last two generations and on the fall in agricultural prices of the '80's; one who knows the traditions of one great period of emigration and is seeing very clearly and understandingly another in his own day; above all, a lover of field and fold, road, hillside, and stream, whose instincts lead him ever back to the soil out of which come all things and which conditions all things: he has given us here a book full of the fundamental institutes of life. Perforce he has to tell stories—formally he is writing a glorified guide-book—but his stories have far more basis both in local knowledge and in historical training than is usual, and he keeps ever turning from them to "the land." His desire is for a reader who is an "inquiring soul with an eye and a turn for rural economics and the things that make for the life of a country" (p. 147). Thus from Haddington and John Knox and Jane Welsh, he shies off over the Garleton Hills into land once marsh and now, perhaps, yielding thirty-five tons of turnips to the acre. That he passes from farming to golf, the land itself explains; "the ruthless austerity of East Lothian agriculture peters out into sandy commons and rolling dunes." But, besides that, he has a feeling for all sport if it is sufficiently of the people and of the open air, and leads round to the land. There is the delicious game of football in which the one goal was the hopper of the parish mill and the other the pulpit of the parish church; there is the team of Scottish curlers touring Canada, who, clerical members and all, kept up the convivial traditions of the game, and were "sent off" from Montreal by the local band to the tune of "We're nae that fou, we're nae that fou."

Yet there are bits, too, of fine historical imagination. Vivid phrases put Queen Mary clear out in the open, riding all day "as hard as nails," or show that sardonic humorist, Charles II, in the hands of Presbyterian divines, or Edward I as a foiled statesman. Any one who would linger on the East Coast route from Berwick north will find incitement and guidance here. And any one who would see through independent, keen eyes the eastern half of lowland Scotland, as it is and has been for the last forty years, will find ample suggestion here.

The Interpretation of Religious Experience. The Gifford Lectures for 1910-1912. By John Watson. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. Two volumes. $6 net.

Professor Watson, as all readers of his "Philosophical Basis of Religion" will remember, is one of those philosophers who are hampered by the habit of beginning strictly at the beginning. In his present work he has devoted an entire volume to the history of philosophy and theology from the earliest times to Hegel, before even starting to take a step of his own. And when at last we reach Vol. II—which is entitled "Constructive"—we find much more than half of it still expository and critical. In fact, the two volumes might very well have been entitled, "Refutation of all Philosophers Before and After Hegel."

For Professor Watson's book, so far as it is more than a history of philosophy, is a rather literal translation of Hegelianism into the language of the twentieth century. The familiar formulas and arguments appear with little change. The world is completely rational and completely intelligible, for otherwise knowledge would be completely impossible. From this fact we can draw certain unquestionable conclusions:

> The first and most obvious characteristic of a rational universe is that it must be an absolute unity. And this unity must be understood in the strictest possible sense. . . . It cannot be of the nature of an aggregate; its elements must be so adapted to one another as to be incapable of existing apart, so that to remove any single element would be to destroy the whole. . . . Moreover, a truly rational unity must be not only completely differentiated, but it must be absolutely perfect. The second main characteristic of a rational universe is its self-differentiation. . . . Lastly, a rational universe must be not only one and self-differentiating, but it must be a coherent system.

Each of the lower views of the world, such as realism (old and new), naturalism, subjectivism, personal idealism, and the rest, has its kernel of truth, but each is ultimately self-negating, and all are transcended by and taken up into the Absolute Philosophy, which alone accounts for everything that is and everything that can be. When this view is gained, mind and matter and all else are seen to be but manifestations of Spirit, which expresses itself in the inorganic, the organic, and the conscious, and thus includes all possible reality within an infinitely rich Unity which knows itself.

In the course of the leisurely presentation of the one true and the many false philosophies, the reader comes upon several excellent pieces of criticism—notably those directed against the new realism and against certain of Bergson's views. But the odd thing is that a warrior who sees so clearly as does Professor Watson the weak points in his enemy's armor should be so strangely blind to the many holes in his own. Surely none but a philosopher could have been so absent-minded! From beginning to end our author nobly ignores most of the recent attempts to show the impossibility of reconciling the facts of the universe with an Absolute whom men could call good. Towards the close, to be sure, the reader comes upon two lectures on the problem of Evil, and looks for an answer to the critics. The first of these lectures starts out promisingly, but before the discussion is fairly launched the historical sense, as usual, takes control, and the rest of the lecture is devoted to an exposition and critique of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. The next lecture explains that moral goodness is a growth and that some moral evil is therefore necessary. The question of pain and suffering is not touched, nor is anything said to indicate that the author has an inkling of the real difficulties here involved for any spiritual monism. But such a noble disregard of purely empirical evil is doubtless the proper attitude for a rationalistic philosophy. As William James used to point out, the Hegelian view would be quite as demonstrable in a hell of torture as in a heaven of joy; it could prove any kind of universe, no matter how horrible we might feel it, to be "rational," "spiritual," and "perfect." Being independent of the merely empirical, the Absolute is "compatible with every relative danger."

To the true Hegelian, in this mad, sad century, Professor Watson's uncompromising volumes will doubtless be as rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. But to the unregenerate its value will be chiefly historical, in the sense that it puts Hegelianism into modern terms and restates it in the light of some of the newer problems.

My Sudan Year. By E. S. Stevens. With 40 illustrations. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

There is no part of Africa in which the prospects of speedy development are so promising as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. When the contemplated irrigation works are completed, a vast region will supply Europe with cereals, first-class cotton, rubber, and valuable wood. Even the hopeless swamp of the sudd, the thick tangle of floating water plants, 35,000 square miles in extent, is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to become productive. A method has been invented of converting these plants into briquettes, having nearly two-thirds the heating quality of coal, and the company which has been formed has received from the Government a concession for the manufacture of solid fuel. Upon a vessel chartered by this company for the purpose of choosing a site for a factory Miss Stevens made the trip up the Nile of which she gives an interesting account in "My Sudan Year."

The start was made from Khartum, of which she says, "There is an indescribable feeling that the town is a camp, that its life is as artificial as the life of a city of tents." One of the incidents of her stay there was the march past Lord Kitchener of some Sudanese regiments in which were hundreds of dervishes who fought against him thirteen years before, one of the officers being a son of the Khalifa. Another son was in Gordon College, "a fine, intelligent youth," together with "two of the Mahdi's grandsons, each aged about nineteen." A girls' school which she visited had "close on two hundred pupils. There is no distinction of class, race, or religion in the school, the teaching is non-sectarian, and every little girl, whether black, brown, or white, is welcomed and instructed in the simplest elements of education—reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and English. English, however, is only taught in the upper classes, the majority of children learn in the vernacular." A significant fact recorded is that it is one of the healthiest cities in the world, "thanks to untiring vigilance" on the part of the sanitary authorities. The death-rate as recorded in the Report for 1910 was seven per thousand.

Miss Stevens's account of the upper Nile and the sudd region has many vivid touches, notably descriptions of things which do not interest a man or are likely to escape his notice. Much information is given in regard to the natives. So we have songs, ghost stories, folk-lore, and many experiences in governing. One tale relates how an old man came to an Englishman and accused another native of stealing his cattle; he had brought along his son as a witness. The accused was then summoned and asked what he had to say for himself. "The old man arose. 'Is this justice!' he cried. 'Come away, my son. This man listens to both sides!'" A curious sort of baptism was observed among the Nubas. A child of two weeks is brought to the chief, "who kills a chicken and, dipping it into a bowl of water, sprinkles the child and its relatives with it. Then he takes the child into his Arro's house, or hut, spits on it, and pronounces a name over it which has been chosen by its parents."

The southernmost point reached was the experiment station of the Suddite Company. Here the papyrus is cut by hand; it is then transported to Khartum, where it enters upon the final processes. Eventually, she was told, the work of cutting was to be done by saws run under water by motors, and a reduction factory was to be built near by. Though the hippopotamus and the crocodile abound throughout the sudd, as well as big game on the river banks, yet the vivid impression left is that "neither beast nor man had real dominion here, for this is the kingdom of the birds. The trees were white with snowy-plumaged herons; water-fowls of all kinds were busy fishing, and other bright-feathered birds filled the air and showed no fear of man." The forty illustrations, which are reproductions of photographs, are well chosen. The book has no index or map.

Notes

"The Cambridge History of India," in six volumes, of which Vol. I will be published by Macmillan during the present year, will follow the plan adopted in "The Cambridge Modern History."

It is expected that the revised edition of Funk & Wagnalls's "New Unabridged Standard Dictionary" will be ready in the summer.

The Century Co. is to issue in the immediate future a series of books on the social evil, prepared under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The first volume of the series, "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City," by George J. Kneeland, will appear in May. It will be followed in the summer by "Prostitution in Western Europe," by Abraham Flexner.

The following titles are in Holt's spring list: Julien Benda's "L'Ordination," translated by Gilbert Cannan; "Commercial Credit," by J. E. Hagerty; "The World Soul," by Fielding Hall, and "Marxism vs. Socialism," by V. G. Simkhovitch.

Henry Holt & Co. will also bring out the American editions of "The Dust of the Road," a picture of actors' lives by Miss Marjorie Patterson, and a translation of Rupin's "The Jews of the World," for which an introduction has been written by Dr. Joseph Jacobs.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's forthcoming book, "The Love of Proserpine" (Scribner), is said by his publishers to be largely autobiographical.

The same house has in hand "The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones," by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, and "The Life and Letters of General Meade."

Two novels are in preparation by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard—"A Midsummer Wooing," by Mary E. Stone Bassett, and Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan's "The Supplanter."

Among recent and forthcoming publications of the University of Chicago Press are the following: "Papers and Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Sociological Society"; "My Life," by August Bebel; "London in English Literature," by Percy Holmes Boynton; "The Respective Standpoints of Psychology and Logic," by Matilda Castro; "Francesco Petrarca and the Revolution of Cola di Rienzo," by Mario Emilio Cosenza; "Lexigraphical Study of the Legal and Governmental Terms Common to the Macedonian Greek Inscriptions and the New Testament," by William D. Ferguson; "Social Programmes of the West," by Charles Richard Henderson; "Christology of the Epistle to the Hebrews," by Harris Lachlan MacNeill; Twelfth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education—Part I, "The Supervision of City Schools"; Part II, "The Supervision of Rural Schools"; "The Proceedings of the Baptist Congress, 1912"; "The Duab of Turkestan," by W. Rickmar Rickmers; Fifth Yearbook of the Superintendents and Principals' Association of Northern Illinois, and "The Life and Letters of Lard Hardwicke," by M. Philip Chesney Yorke.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce: "Out of the Blue," a novel, by R. Gorell Barnes; in the American Citizen series, "Organized Democracy: An Introduction to the Study of American Politics," by Frederick A. Cleveland; "Sermon Notes of John Henry Cardinal Newman"; "The Story of the King's Highway," being a new volume in the series English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, and "Royal Spades Auction Bridge," by "Bascule."

Bobbs-Merrill has a long list of fiction for this season. It includes: "War," a romance of the Civil War, by John Luther Long; "John O' Jamestown," by the late Vaughan Kester; "The Impossible Boy," by Nina Wilcox Putnam; "The Daughter of Brahma," by I. A. R. Wylie; "The Lovers of Skye," by Frank Waller Allen; "A Step on the Stair," a story of life after death, by Octave Thanet; "The Case of Jennie Brice," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," by Earl Derr Biggers; "Andrew the Glad," by Maria Thompson Davies; "The Melting of Molly," the same, and "The Valiants of Virginia," by Hallie Erminie Rives.

Among the books which Dutton is now bringing out are: "The Fear of Living," by Henry Bordeaux, translated from the seventy-fourth French edition by Ruth Helen Davis; "The Philosophy of Ruskin," by André Chevrillon, translated by Andrew Boyle, and "Prayers, Ancient and Modern," by William Angus Knight.

The Revell Co. has in its list of announcements: "The Immigrant: An Asset and a Liability," by Frederic J. Haskin; "Letters of Father and Son, During a College Course," by John Douglas Adam; "The Modern Call of Missions," by Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D., and "Doc Williams: A Tale of the Middle West," by Charles Lerrigo.

J. B. Lippincott Co. is bringing out this season: "The Road of Living Men," by Will Levington Comfort; "The Maxwell Mystery," by Carolyn Wells; "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," by Zeyneb Hanoum, edited by Grace Ellison, and "The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe," by Capt. E. Granville Baker.

Henry Bordeaux's "Footsteps Beneath the Snow" has been translated by Louise Sey-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mour Houghton, and in this form will be issued by Duffield.

Humfrey Jordan's romance, "Patchwork Comedy," is promised this week by Putnams.

In "My Past," announced by Putnams, the Countess Marie Larisch, niece of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, is said to present the true story of the tragic death of Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria.

Mr. W. H. Woodward has discovered in Rome a second copy of the contemporary account of the events upon which Browning founded "The Ring and the Book." It is said to date from the close of the seventeenth century.

The new Universal Library, issued in this country by E. P. Dutton & Company, offers a volume of Jeffrey's "Essays on English Poets and Poetry" from the *Edinburgh Review*. Here, among others, will be found the famous essay on Wordsworth, beginning: "This will never do!" Those who have heard Jeffrey reviled for this phrase and have never really read him, will be amazed at the amount of sound criticism this volume contains.

Those interested in the game of "Coon-Can" will find a useful little book on it, under that title, by W. Dalton. It is published by Lippincott. Another volume on the same subject comes to us from Frederick A. Stokes Co., with the title, "Coon-can: A Game of Cards Also Called 'Rum.'" This second book is by the well-known authority, R. F. Foster.

That a certain amount of amateurishness is not incompatible with poetic charm is clear from a reading of Mr. Frederic Crowninshield's "Villa Mirafiore" (Houghton Mifflin). To a perfect mastery of the technique or rhetoric of his art Mr. Crowninshield seems never quite to have attained. Weak lines and inversions abound in his verse; and in particular an obvious trick of stringing clauses together to fill out his metrical framework imparts a dragging, hesitant effect even to his favorite form of composition, the sonnet. On the whole, however, these imperfections serve to add an air of artlessness to his performance and to enforce the impression of a happy disposition and character.

In spite of the fact that many of the poet's themes are commonplace, his distinctive quality is taste, as his distinctive mood is that of reminiscence. At its best his verse is picturesque rather than sensuous, reflective rather than passionate—having the quality of a painter whose mind is nourished with historical associations. At the same time his poetry is neither of the study nor of the cloister. With his interest divided between America and Italy he is concerned for his time. As an artist he regrets the modernization of Rome, while as a citizen he rejoices in its liberations. For his own country he is not without his alarms. And perhaps his best work is that in which he is aroused by his fears for its future:

When wintry winds prevail and skies are dim,
I dream of them, who leaving home and ease
Embarked upon the savagest of seas
To praise their God—perhaps the friends of him
Who sang of Paradise and Seraphim,
And faltering Man. Oh! what to such as these
Were barren wolds, or swirling blasts that freeze,
Or white-locked shores, or forests swart and grim?
How different were they who braved not cold,
But equatorial heat and fever-flame,
To clutch the unoffending Incas' gold—
Conquistadors, so called, a gory name!
And we? Are we yet of our fathers' mould?
Or do we share the listful Spaniard's shame?

One hesitates to speak with anything but respect of labor so serious, so industrious, and, on the whole, so serviceable, as that of Miss Helen Archibald Clarke in the interest of Browning and Shakespeare. We should all study patience in the presence of one who has spent a happy lifetime with Browning. We have striven to be patient in making our way through Miss Clarke's centenary volume, "Browning and his Century" (Doubleday, Page), but we have not been happy, and we have discovered the reason why. The thought of Browning, says Miss Clarke, "has always seemed so naturally akin to my own that it has never seemed to me obscure." To employ a vigorous colloquialism, we have felt ourselves "outclassed." The following sentence, for example, is doubtless to a properly constituted mind entirely perspicuous: "These rare qualities of constancy, exaltation, and aspiration, in love sublimating *it* into a spiritual emotion, *which* was evidently the distinctive mark of Browning's personality on the emotional side, *furnishes* the *keynote* by which his *presentation* or solution of the social problems involved in the relations of men and women is always to be *gauged*."

In our simpler mind the question rises: Is this Browningese, or is it English? If English, what are the antecedents of "it" and "which"? What is the subject of "furnishes"? How can a "presentation" be "gauged" by a "keynote"? And what does it all mean? We acknowledge our incompetency to answer these questions. There are lucid intervals in the work. There is much suggestive and even shrewd and wholesome comment upon Browning and his contemporaries. The design of exhibiting the poet in relation to the main philosophical, political, social, and artistic movement of the age is commendable. But to issue a book abounding in typographical errors, grammatical solecisms, warring metaphors, and incondite sentences profiteth nothing.

Herbert H. Gowen, lecturer on Oriental history at the University of Washington, has published, with Sherman, French & Co., the first part of "An Outline History of China," embracing the period from the earliest times to the Manchu conquest. This little book of 182 pages, with a chronological table, a short bibliography of works recommended by the compiler, an index, and a few illustrations, will be found useful by readers who have not the time for a more detailed work. It fills a gap in the series of works to be read by students of Oriental history generally.

A singularly pure and perfect piece of orthodox Hegelianism of the Right Wing is Prof. H. S. Macran's "Hegel's Doctrine of Formal Logic" (Clarendon Press). An American student of philosophy, taking up the book unwarned, would be likely to suppose it a product of St. Louis in the 1870's, so uncorrupted is its orthodoxy and so little touched by recent developments even within Hegelian circles. Even in his attempt to show how other philosophers represent merely included and transcended "moments" in the Hegelian Logic, the author mentions no one more recent than Comte and Spencer. The book, in fact, emanates from Dublin, and is the work of the professor of moral philosophy in the University there; taken in conjunction with some other recent publications, it betrays the fact that the Irish capital is one of the spots where piety towards Kant and Hegel—now sadly diminished in most of its former centres in the English-speaking world—is still ardently cultivated. The volume contains a general account of the Hegelian system, which is an unusually clear, agreeable, and brief essay in Hegel-exposition; and a translation of the first section of the third book of the Greater Logic.

"In the Shadow of the Bush" (Doran), by P. Amaury Talbot, of the Nigerian Political Service, is a remarkable contribution to our knowledge and appreciation of an African race, the Ekoi of Southern Nigeria. They were a little-known people, most of whom were untouched by white influence, when the author came among them as district commissioner in 1907. His official duties consisted in going from village to village to settle disputes, to punish crimes, and to develop the resources of the country. In some things the savages set a noble example to the rest of the world. Quarrelling, for instance, "is forbidden in a house where there are little children. The latter, so it is said, love sweet words, kind looks, and gentle voices, and if these are not to be found in the family into which they have reincarnated, they will close their eyes and forsake the earth, till a chance offers to return amid less quarrelsome surroundings." The author observed only one case of harshness to a child. They are a thoroughly sober people. They have a love of beauty which shows itself in "their surprising knowledge of flowers, and their delight in the form and color of these, and even in the texture of leaves." The water-pots are moulded into beautiful shapes, and they have "many-handled, strangely graceful jars." Though there is undeniable crudeness in the wall paintings, some of their designs "show a sureness of drawing which few white people could equal." Mr. Talbot also studied carefully the fauna and flora of the region, and in the appendices has given some of the results of his researches. Out of 2,000 varieties of the flora collected, the British Museum authorities have found about 150 new genera and species, as well as many new and rare Nigerian mammals. He adds a short grammar of the language, vocabularies of six tribes, and many of the script signs with interpretations. There is a map of the district, made from his surveys, together with 123 illustrations, some showing scenes of remarkable beauty, and an excellent index.

The most striking merits of Seton Gordon's "The Charm of the Hills" (Cassell) are the unusual beauty of the binding and the excellence of the eighty-five illustrations, including a Rembrandt photogravure frontispiece of The Eagle Scanning. his Corrie, that is nothing short of remarkable. The text, composed of brief articles contributed to *Country Life*, the *Scotsman*, and other British periodicals, relates to the author's wanderings in the Highlands (particularly the Cairngorm hills) in every season of the year—wanderings not without occasional unromantic "tyre troubles." In-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dulging, as he does, three hobbies at once—photography, ornithology, and the search for fine landscapes—Mr. Gordon might be expected to overflow with enthusiasm. Instead, he is gifted, in Lowell's phrase, with "an honest incapacity of imagination" that succeeds curiously well, at times, in conveying to the reader the peace of the Scotch mountains under an August sun and their inarticulate mystery when they lie silent in the light of the moon. For the most part, however, the book is an awkward and excessively sober description of scenery in the guide-book style—"Here, midway between Cairntoul and Braeriach, an extensive view of the Garbhchoire is obtained," etc., etc.—always from the point of view of the majestic "we." When the author turns, as he does at intervals, to a particular wild creature, as in "The Red Grouse," "The Nesting of the Dotterel," "A Night with the Golden Eagle," he writes somewhat less clumsily, and contrives to tell a great deal in small space. Whoever desires, without recourse to the usual books of travel, to know more of the corries and burns and the deer and golden eagles and ptarmigan of the Highlands will find profit, and even a degree of pleasure, in the well-packed little chapters that, so to speak, illustrate the photographs of Mr. Gordon's book.

"United Italy" (Doran), by F. M. Underwood, aims at furnishing a straightforward account of the history and condition from the unification of 1860 down to the present. It is quite the best popular book on this subject in English. Mr. Underwood has taken pains to inform himself; he has judgment, and he is fair. Though he may lack at times either the historian's larger grasp or the biographer's power of vivid portrayal, he possesses throughout the compensating virtue of telling plain facts in plain language. His brief criticisms of contemporary authors and artists, not less than political leaders, will be welcome to English readers. Particularly moderate is his chronicle of the relations of Church and State, including the recent phenomenon of Modernism. A chapter entitled Italian Progress in Figures demonstrates the material foundations on which the present nation rests. But his general point of view, and his comment on typical men and events, are as important as his statistics. His book will correct many misapprehensions for Americans who have not been to Italy; it ought to be read by all those who visit Italy for the first time. Some twenty illustrations, mostly portraits of celebrities, add to its attraction.

If "The Secret of the Pacific: A discussion of the origin of the early civilizations of America, the Toltecs, Aztecs, Mayas, Incas, and their predecessors; and of the possibilities of Asiatic influence thereon" (Scribner), by C. Reginald Enock, had been written after years of patient research, it would have been decidedly worth while. For Mr. Enock has travelled extensively, both in North and South America, and his style is readable, even though at times it rises to the point of being "hifalutin." Beginning with a rambling journalistic conspectus of the origin of man, he continues his pleasant way, skipping from place to place down the Pacific Coast, touching lightly on the cliff-dwellers, drawing somewhat heavily on Bancroft, and throwing in incidents of his own life as a mining engineer. He delights in suggesting vague theories and in throwing out dark hints that we may not be far wrong in thinking of Mexico as being actually related to Egypt. The most widely divergent views have been caught in Mr. Enock's net, and are pinned up before the puzzled reader, who is left without any means of knowing the truth. And the worst of it is, if the reader has any preconceived ideas, it will not be difficult for him to confirm them here. Mr. Enock has but little respect for the vast stores of information in the larger libraries. His flippancy in this matter might be pardoned if he gave any sign of being familiar with the works of Max Uhle, Saville, Bandelier, and others. But the frequent references in his footnotes to his own books and to articles in the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica are only too significant. An attempt to give the general reader even a cursory account of the early civilizations of America without making any reference to, or apparently having any knowledge of, the work of the George C. Heye expeditions to Ecuador, of the Philadelphia expedition to Pachacamac, and of Professor Bandelier's work in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca, is almost ludicrous.

The volume simply serves to emphasize the fact that we are only on the threshold of the scientific study of American archæology. No subject has been more abused by amateurs. In fact, too many of the professionals seem to regard "collections" of pots and artifacts as the principal object of their explorations. Many of them have not yet grasped the significance of the related fact that, whereas a few years ago we were contented in biological science to know that a butterfly or a beetle came from Brazil or Colombia, to-day we want to know a great deal more—its exact location geographically; its habitat locally, and the conditions of its existence; the elevation where it was found; the time of year, etc. In archæology our ideas and our collections are still in that primitive stage where we are contented if we know from what country a specimen comes. The very fact that reputable publishers are willing to bring out a loose-jointed, hastily written ethnological compilation of this kind, by an author who can write of Central America and her ruins without even referring to Maudsley's charming "Glimpse of Guatemala," or to the important publications of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, shows the present condition of this subject.

It is a pleasant pilgrimage to wander with André Maurel through the "Little Cities of Italy" (Putnam), this being the title of two volumes of essays, translated from the French by Helen Gerard, the second of which now appears. M. Maurel has all the genius of his race in elegant scholarship—an intuitive faculty for sympathetic interpretation of the past and the gift of felicitous and illuminating phrasing. Some of the crystalline quality of the original is naturally lost in the translation, although in the main that is well and carefully done. We must, however, raise a protest against such inelegancies as are contained in the following sentence: "Anyway, they made it imposing and noble, in order, perhaps, to the better mask its superfluity." The mutilation of infinitives seems to afford the translator particular satisfaction. Starting from Milan (which can hardly be called a "little city"), M. Maurel works his way gradually to Rome, visiting on his route some two-score of cities, recording his impressions of each, reviewing their histories with that charming, intimate touch that few but French writers seem able to achieve, and appreciating with the acumen of a trained critic as well as with the enthusiasm of a genuine lover of art the treasures that they contain. As typical examples of the charm and individuality of M. Maurel's style we would single out for particular notice the delightful chapters on Bologna and Perugia.

"Wellington's Army, 1809-1814" (Longmans), by C. W. C. Oman, is an interesting and valuable by-product of the well-known author's researches in connection with his great formal "History of the Peninsular War." He collected a mass of notes of most miscellaneous information, which finds no proper place in a general military narrative, but which affords excellent material for a cross-section picture of the Peninsular Army itself—its daily life, manners, composition, organization, and leaders. Professor Oman's chapters range all the way from a discussion of Wellington's character and methods to the influence of singing Methodists, the court-martialling and flogging of delinquents, and the doings of the curious and polyglot horde of camp-followers which trailed at the heels of the army. The historical investigator will find most valuable his critical chapter on the sources of information and the bibliography of Peninsular autobiographies, letters, and diaries, in an appendix. The military critic will delight in the chapters on tactics, and on the organization of the army as a whole and in its parts. The ordinary reader will enjoy the sharply drawn characterizations, not only of Wellington himself, but of the generals who fought with him from the Tagus to the Pyrenees—Hill, Beresford, Graham, Picton, and Craufurd. Some illustrations of men and uniforms, and an appendix by C. T. Atkinson, giving statistics and locations of British regiments from 1809 to 1814, add to the usefulness of the book.

In point of style and successful imitation of the spirit of the original, Prof. A. M. Harmon's translation of Lucian, the first volume of which is now published (Macmillan), is about the best thing that has yet appeared in the Loeb Library. For his text Professor Harmon is taking that of Nilén so far as available, and for the rest that of Jacobitz, with a certain number of conjectural emendations of his own. In his version he has occasionally gone a little too far in trying to mimic the sprightliness of the original, but for the most part he has caught Lucian's tone admirably. The two most important pieces in the present volume are "The Wisdom of Nigrinus" and "A True Story." The latter is one of the sources of the Rabelaisian literature; the former is one of the documents to show how the Platonic contrast between the flesh and the spirit, the visible and the invisible worlds, became emotional and morbid in the hands of the Orientals who took up the tradition of Greek philosophy, leading some to a sterile aloofness from the world and others to a nauseous hypocrisy.

One's impression on opening Mrs. Wil-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liam O'Brien's "Unseen Friends" (Longmans), and glancing at the opening paragraphs of the introduction, is that it is the work of a pious and amiable, but quaintly limited beginner in the art of essay-writing. One lays it down with the feeling that the first impression may have been true, but does not matter. Mrs. O'Brien has evidently never troubled herself about style. Her syntax is often involved or merely shiftless. She has an odd vocabulary, including such favorite words as "domesticated" in the sense of "fond of home life." Ellen Nussey, Charlotte Brontë's friend, was "a good, upright, domesticated girl," for example. The kink of Erin is not absent from her speech. Miss Branwell, Charlotte's aunt, "was, like her brother-in-law, a good, upright woman." But, having smiled at one or two of these slips, the reader will find himself taking them for granted, as he so readily takes for granted and ignores his good neighbor's diction, or his good wife's spelling. Such trifles are, after all, no real bar to pleasant companionship; and Mrs. O'Brien is very companionable. Her book is a work of love and thereby lovable. She is a devout Catholic. Ten of her fifteen papers have to do with favorite unofficial saints of her faith; women, often of humble origin, who, in one way or another, gained distinction in their religious world. A number of them are founders of minor orders and sisterhoods. The story of their lives is traced with affectionate detail, and the personality of each of them is clearly suggested. The other papers will be of more interest to the general reader, in so far as the character of her theme affects the chronicler's distinctive appeal. The essays on Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Oliphant, and (above all) Charlotte Brontë are charming in their way.

We record with regret the death on Friday at Dublin of Edward Dowden, since 1867 professor of English literature in the university of that city. He was born at Cork in 1843, and was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and Trinity College, Dublin. At Trinity he won the vice-chancellor's prize in English verse and prose, the first senior moderatorship in ethics and logic, and became president of the Philosophical Society. In 1878 Professor Dowden received the Cunningham gold medal of the Royal Irish Academy for his writings on literature, especially in the field of Shakespearean criticism. In 1888 he succeeded Max Müller as president of the English Goethe Society. In the next decade he was a lecturer at Oxford and Cambridge. Although he is remembered best for his work on Shakespeare (whose name he insisted on spelling with the strict economy characteristic of his own countrymen), his interests embraced the wide range which was customary with scholars of the previous generation. Besides "Shakspere: His Mind and Art," the "Shakspere Primer," and his editions of the Sonnets and individual Shakespearean plays, he wrote "Studies in Literature," "Southey," "Life of Shelley," "Transcript and Studies," "New Studies in Literature," "The French Revolution and English Literature," "A History of French Literature," "Puritan and Anglican," "Robert Browning," "Michel de Montaigne," "Essays: Modern and Elizabethan," and edited the works of several modern poets, and in 1876 published a volume of poems. If Professor Dowden's judgment was not always discriminating, this defect was manifestly derived from a great love of literature, which, especially in the case of Shakespeare, easily passed to reverence. As time goes on, his scholarly achievement may be overshadowed by the memory of his character and of his attitude towards literature, which was always highly human. To workers in his fields, even to those not personally known to him, he showed almost an affectionate good will. The present writer recalls his concern, on one occasion, over a clerk in a meagre Government position who was trying to support a family of several children and to carry on Shakespearean investigations besides.

Christof Eberhard Nestle, D.D., professor at Maulbronn, Württemberg, is dead, aged sixty-one. He was born at Stuttgart. For several years he was professor at Ulm, for a time lectured at Tübingen, and since 1898 had been connected with the Evangelical Theological Seminary. He was the author of a number of works on Biblical topics.

Science

THE SCIENCE OF MAN.

Genetics: An Introduction to the Study of Heredity. By Herbert Eugene Walter. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The Science of Human Behavior. By Maurice Parmelee. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Viewed together, these three volumes present an instructive epitome of the demands now being made to put human life into the harness of science. "Eugenics" is Professor Walter's motive; "efficiency" is Professor Münsterberg's, while Professor Parmelee outlines a complete science of man.

"Genetics," by Professor Walter, of Brown University, is an attempt "to summarize for the intelligent but uninitiated reader some of the more recent phases of the question of heredity"; and to the uninitiated reviewer, to whom a huge and scattered mass of literature renders the field virtually inaccessible, the attempt seems successful, though he finds the interpretation of the "seventy-two figures and diagrams" often a strain upon his intelligence. The critical reader may wonder how much metaphysics is involved in the distinction of germ-plasm and body-plasm and in the Mendelian dominant and recessive characters, or how a desirable human "character," such as honesty, industry, or æsthetic taste, would be defined for purposes of practical eugenics. In any case, the book fulfils a timely purpose. The bearing of heredity upon human conservation is shown in the last three chapters. Here we have the inevitable Jukes family, and the more recently discovered Kallikaks, confronted with the several hundred illustrious descendants of Jonathan Edwards. Unhappily, as Mr. Walter is candid enough to tell us, the grandmother of Jonathan Edwards was an adulteress and the sister of two murderers. This is not necessarily fatal to eugenics, but it suggests that we pause for thought.

"Except in the case of man himself, hardly any one is so ignorant as to allow his worst animals to breed." Mr. Walter quotes this linguistic monstrosity from Darwin. Now, so far as eugenics aims only at the elimination of the feeble-minded, we cannot question the force of its argument. But the proposal to turn all human society into a barnyard commonly forgets that in such a case man is the only animal who knows that he is being bred. This completely alters both the technique of the problem and its ethics. Domestic animals are mated for purposes not their own. Ignorant of the Mendelian laws, they have probably no ideas to offer. Nature may have her purposes with regard to ourselves, but for an animal able to make his own choice of mate, they are without authority. Our mere self-consciousness with regard to the reproductive process shifts the centre of value from a biological to a human point of view, in which the higher culture is marked precisely by the demand that the greatest deference be paid to those most immediately concerned. This is one of the points at which the science of man fails to grasp the meaning of humanity. Mr. Walter feels this dimly when he hesitates to say who are to be the judges. The real question would be, For whose ends are we to be bred? Some of the arguments against race-suicide would suggest that the purpose of eugenics may be to furnish a plentiful supply of contented manual labor.

When Professor Münsterberg forsakes the eternal values for the temporal, he is always interesting, perhaps because he brings into his subject a certain breeziness, due to a wide contact with men, and because he deals with the things that we all like to talk about. This is the case in "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency." Which of us does not enjoy talking "shop"? Yet, though the purpose of the book, for which he has consulted several hundred of the larger companies, is to demonstrate the need of a scientific (laboratory) psychologist in every business enterprise, it may be a question how far the discussion rises above the plane of genial common-sense. The first part of the book presents three illustrations, from the telephone, steamship, and electric railway service, to show the method of determining the best possible man for a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

given work. The second part takes up the best possible work for a given man and reviews the attempts made to offer vocational guidance, to procure economy of movement with minimum fatigue, and to solve the problem of monotony. In the third part, under "the best possible effect," Münsterberg discusses the psychology of buying and selling and of advertising. His solution of the crucial problem of monotony seems a little too easy, though we may admit that an apparently meaningless task may have finer points for those who have to perform it and that some men are more fitted for monotony than others. Any one who has attempted to define his own attitude towards monotony must seriously doubt the possibility of measuring the taste for monotony in the psychological laboratory.

A typical illustration of the psychological method is the test of efficiency for steamship officers. Warned by naval experience, Münsterberg makes no attempt to reproduce the concrete situation by models of boats, or the like. Instead of this he confronts the person to be examined with a similar mental problem (as he conceives it) of grasping the character of a complex and unexpected situation quickly and correctly:

> I work with 24 cards of the size of playing cards. On the upper half of every one of these cards we have 4 rows of 12 capital letters, namely, A, E, O, and U in irregular repetition. On 4 cards, one of these vowels appears 21 times and each of the three others 9 times; on 8 cards, one appears 18 times and every one of the three others 10 times; on 8 cards, one appears 15 times and each of the others 11 times; and finally, on 4 cards one vowel appears 16 times, each of the three others 8 times, and besides them 8 different consonants are mixed in. The person to be tested has to distribute these 24 cards as quickly as possible in 4 piles, in such a way that in the first pile are placed all cards in which the letter A is most frequent, in the second those in which the letter E predominates, and so on.

Of course, the man who performs the task with the greatest speed and the fewest errors is the best man to steer his ship clear of an iceberg. We leave the test to the judgment of the reader, merely suggesting that, while the card test is not irrelevant, an important element has been omitted. For the main difficulty is that "there are ship officers who know the requirements excellently, but who are almost paralyzed when dangerous conditions suddenly threaten." What is omitted from the laboratory test is the element of danger.

Yet, granting the validity of the test, we must still wonder what there is here to distinguish science from common-sense; for Münsterberg himself calls attention to results obtained by the common business man (*e. g.*, p. 209) which seem hardly to differ in quality from his own. This wonder is soon extended to the whole subject of laboratory psychology. Reviewing five decades of experimental psychology, Münsterberg tells us that "an exceedingly large mass of facts has been gathered" and "the fundamental laws of the ideas and of the attention, of the memory and of the will, of the feeling and of the emotions, have been elaborated." We fear that if a malicious skeptic should ask, What facts? and what laws? Münsterberg would be in trouble. There are no psychological laws to match the Newtonian laws of motion, or the chemical law of multiple proportions, not to mention many minor laws, such as those governing the relations of volume, temperature, and pressure. The so-called Weber law is nearly a tradition. The law, or laws, of association—can any one state them without fear of denial? As for facts, we are all familiar with X-rays, with radium, with Hertzian waves; and countless parents have blessed the name of Pasteur. Even Mendelism, with all its dubiousness, stands for discovery. It contradicts our expectations to learn that, when booted and clean-shanked poultry are paired, these characters, though mixed in the second generation, are segregated in the third. The psychological laboratory is choked with facts, but so far as the facts are psychological they seem to be singularly lacking in the quality of discovery. Perhaps a typical case is that offered by Münsterberg himself in his book, "On the Witness Stand." Every schoolmaster knows that when a boy hesitates in answering a critical question he is probably concealing something. Münsterberg harnesses the boy to a chronoscope and measures in thousandths of a second his association-time; by which he learns that after suspicious words his time is longer. How much longer makes little difference, since no further facts are to be obtained by any process of addition or multiplication. Science and common-sense have then reached the same result, only science states its result in *ein bischen längeren Worten.*

A generation ago the experimentalists announced that the day of the "arm-chair" psychology had passed. Since that time a malicious observer might have noted a growing fondness among the shirt-sleeve psychologists (so to speak) for the reflective luxury of the arm-chair. Wundt, the organizer of the science—after Fechner, the founder—has devoted his later years to the production of monumental works on logic, ethics, metaphysics, and anthropology; his son is the learned author of a three-volume work on Greek ethics. Among the founders of laboratories in America, James quickly forsook the Harvard laboratory for a more radical empiricism. Cattell, of Columbia, is distinguished as an editor. Stanley Hall appears to have deserted the chronoscope for the pedagogical *questionnaire.* Münsterberg himself has wandered far from the laboratory, though he has written three or four volumes on applied psychology. Yet even here he appears to be (like the others) an organizer of investigation rather than an investigator; and in the present volume he is the organizer of a new science, to be known as economic psychology. More significant, perhaps, is the fact that the analytic, or general, psychology, which a generation ago was contemptuously abandoned to the philosophers, has of late years been jealously reclaimed. Doubtless the laboratory has had a good influence, though mainly a terrorizing influence, in forcing psychologists to be concrete; but, in the matter of facts and laws, it seems that the *science* of psychology is still a good deal made up of scientific attitude and scientific point of view.

The meaning of this attitude and point of view is very clearly and consistently revealed in "The Science of Human Behavior," by Prof. Maurice Parmelee, of the University of Missouri. With this, however, we have said the most that is to be said of the book. It is a well-written and fairly unified compendium of the chemical, anatomical, physiological, psychological, and anthropological investigations bearing upon human behavior, based upon a wide but not always well-proportioned knowledge of the literature; but we cannot see that the author has succeeded noticeably in his attempt to "make the conceptions more precise"—certainly not in the field of psychology. Significant of the whole point of view is the place assigned to consciousness. Step by step we follow the evolution of behavior from the amœba to man to see what will happen when behavior becomes self-conscious. But nothing happens. Mr. Parmelee stumbles over the meaning of the word "epiphænomenon," and then proceeds, unwittingly, it should almost seem, to make an epiphænomenon of consciousness. According to him, it seems all human behavior is determined exclusively by physical forces, and consciousness of behavior makes no difference in behavior. The so-called "power of mind over matter" is only a case where "a small amount of molecular or molar force releases a large amount of molecular or molar force."

Here Mr. Parmelee is true to the point of view implied in the science of human life. And at this point is revealed the ground of the antagonism between this science, or sciences, and the point of view of culture and the humanities. Münsterberg states the issue squarely when he says, in criticism of "the contributions from men of affairs," that "the way in which the management is accustomed to look on their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men is the practical way of ordinary life, in which we try to understand our neighbor by entering into the meaning of his mental functions and by seeking to grasp what his aim is. But such an interpretation of the other man's mind is not psychological analysis." Precisely. True "psychological analysis" ignores all personal experience of mentality. The science of psychology is, then, the finished result of what we may call the conspiracy of naturalism, in which each investigator has bound himself by a strange oath to obtain all his knowledge from observation of the actions of his fellows—"as a naturalist studies the chemical elements or the stars" (Münsterberg)—and never under any circumstances to conceive them in the light of his own experience of his living. Even the psychologist's "mental states" or "objects of consciousness" are only so many hypothetical entities read in from without. Now, it is just this rejected point of view which characterizes literary culture and the humanities. The *literæ humaniores* may be said to constitute a study of human life from the standpoint of the clearer and more vivid consciousness—always a self-consciousness—of living. In the light of this contrast we may easily understand why these would-be sciences of man, such as psychology, pedagogy, and sociology, have a tendency to excite the scorn and repugnance of all who are interested in culture. And perhaps we may understand why the party of culture is somewhat skeptical. For what is to be expected from a science of humanity which ignores all that is most distinctive of man?

Longmans, Green & Co. have nearly ready "A First Course in Algebra," by Frederick C. Kent.

"The Genus Iris," by William Rickatson Dykes, is in preparation by the University of Chicago Press.

Science books in Holt's list include: "The Living Plant," by William F. Ganong; "Science from an Easy Chair," by Sir E. Ray Lankester, and "The Child, its Care, Diet, and Common Ills," by Dr. E. Mather Sill.

The following are the science books announced by Lippincott for this season: "Private Duty Nursing," by Katharine De Witt; "When to Send for the Doctor and What to Do Before he Comes," by Dr. F. E. Lippert; "Practical Locomotive Operating," by Clarence Roberts; "Evolution of the Internal Combustion Engine," by Edward Butler; "A Text Book of Mathematics and Mechanics," by Charles A. A. Capito; "A Nurse's Handbook of Obstetrics," new edition, by Dr. J. B. Cooke; "Accessory Sinuses of the Nose," by Dr. Rose Hale Skillern; "Diseases of the Heart and Aorta," by Dr. Arthur D. Hirschfelder, new edition; "Applied Anatomy," by Dr. Gwilym G. Davis, new edition.

George F. Chambers's "Astronomy" is in the press of the D. Van Nostrand Co., together with the following works on chemistry: "Cellulose Acetate," by Edward C. Worden; a new revised edition of Prof. W. W. Scott's "Qualitative Chemical Analysis"; "Solvents, Oils, Gums, Waxes and Various Substances," by Frederick S. Hyde, and the third revised edition of "Van Nostrand's Chemical Annual," edited by Prof. John C. Olsen.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for February contains an account of the volcanic eruption of Mount Katmai in Alaska last June, "one of the most violent of historic times," by Geo. C. Martin, of the Geological Survey. He directed the researches made by the National Geographic Society, and he gives, with many striking reproductions of photographs, vivid details, especially of the extent of the ashes, in one place nearly five feet deep. The destruction of bird, animal, and fish life was very great, the most serious injury being "the possibly permanent destruction of the spawning grounds" of the salmon. Another effect of the eruption, according to C. G. Abbot, director of the Astrophysical Observatory, was the diminution of heat "in the north temperate zone by about 10 per cent. during the summer of 1912." Much useful information is to be found in Frederic Moore's "changing map in the Balkans." A leading Bulgarian statesman told him that his people had little ambition to hold Constantinople, which "has caused the ruin and downfall of every empire that has possessed it." An illustrated description of the "countries of the Caribbean," by W. J. Showalter, is accompanied by a large map on which are shown the distances of the many steamship routes in nautical miles.

Annales de Géographie for March is wholly devoted to a series of nine articles on different places in this country visited by the scientific excursion last autumn organized by the American Geographical Society and led by Prof. W. M. Davis, of Harvard. The first is on the canals of New York, "apropos of a particularly interesting episode of the contest of the railroads with the canals." Then follows an account of Duluth and the development of the iron mines in that region. The other articles are on Yellowstone Park, the lava plateaux of Washington, the northwestern American ports, Crater Lake and Meteor Crater, Utah, and the region of Phœnix and the Roosevelt barrage. There are 20 reproductions of photographs and 12 maps.

The masterful summary, in William T. Hornaday's "Our Vanishing Wild Life" (Scribner), of the destruction of wild life now going on, has appeared just at the critical moment. It was barely published when the weight of its logic and facts did much to help the Lacy bill to pass, whereby all migrating birds are protected. By a large array of statistics, Dr. Hornaday has shown how necessary it is that a beginning be made at once to conserve the wild creatures which are left to us. Hardly a page is without a moral drawn from past experience. We read of the scoffed-at bill proposed in 1857 to protect the passenger pigeon, and on the same page is a photograph of the single survivor of this species; we read of the fearful ravages wrought by introduced noxious birds and animals in islands, and of the birds which mankind has completely blotted out. Much space is given to others which are on the verge of extinction. The difficult problem of latitude and races is discussed in full; how the Southern negro profits gastronomically by the protection of birds which nest in the North, and the parallel case of the avivorous Italians in south Europe. The old tragedy of the albatrosses of Laysan is vividly told, and it is predicted that the unprotected big game of East Africa will possibly last fifteen years at the present rate of slaughter. Ten years ago the annual loss to American crops due to insects was estimated at nearly $800,000,000, and yet we go on indiscriminately shooting the birds which alone can remedy this. When one reads of the seeds of one hundred and twenty-nine species of noxious weeds which are eaten by the bob-white and is informed that a single bird will eat as many as fourteen hundred beggar ticks and thirty thousand seeds of the rabbit's-foot clover, one begins to understand the value of birds to mankind.

Some of the most important and wide-reaching sections of the book are the chapters devoted to the consideration of the game-laws of the various States; they are true, well-balanced discussions. The final chapters deal with the most vital side of the whole question, the game refuges and preserves of the world, both public and private. It is to these, after all is said and done, that we must look for final protection of wild life. Whatever advantage is gained in the passing of laws, there must always be a constant fight to keep them from being repealed; but a tract of land, a mountain, a lake, or an island, set apart and watched by a resident warden, is a perpetual haven for the persecuted. Such refuges are increasing in America, and in this and many other ways Dr. Hornaday shows that our citizens are awakening to the need of conservation. Our bison have increased from thirteen hundred in 1888 to nearly three thousand in 1912. The egret was on the point of extermination in the Southern States, whereas on one preserve in Louisiana twenty thousand pairs of egrets and other herons are now breeding in safety. Our gulls and terns have been snatched from extermination and are increasing; ducks and shore birds are still in the balance. The cumulative value of a book of this character is beyond estimate. There are certainly few parts of the civilized world where its uncontrovertible arguments will not do good. The paper and type are excellent, the illustrations are original and lucid, and there is a thorough index.

Three maps, representing ocean depths for the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, with their far southern extensions, have lately been issued by the Institut für Meereskunde of the University of Berlin. They are the work of Dr. Max Groll, cartographer to the Institute, and are drawn to a central scale of 1:40,000,000, on specially prepared projections, according to Lambert's scheme of preserving true areas, while moderately distorting form. Authentic soundings are given in their proper location, except that in the better-known parts of the Atlantic and along all the coasts not all soundings can be individually represented. The lands are uniformly tinted in ochre; the shallow waters down to 200 metres along continental borders have a lighter tint of the same color; then fol-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

low increasingly strong shades of blue for every 1,000 metres down to 6,000; after which the greater depths are brought out vividly in purple, pink, and red, the last color representing depths below 8,000 metres. The absence of soundings over vast areas in the Pacific, as well as in the southern Atlantic and Indian Oceans, suggests that the simple distribution of depths there indicated is subject to extensive changes with further exploration. Several lines of soundings from San Francisco to the Fiji Islands demand many more irregularities in the bottom contours than are drawn in the unsounded areas. The general fact here revealed that will excite most surprise certainly is that the maximum depths of the oceans are not found near the middle of their basins, but in virtually all cases near continental borders or along the margin of island chains. Thus the deepest part of the Atlantic is a small area north of Porto Rico; in the Pacific in several interrupted troughs bordering Japan and other island chains from the Aleutians to the Philippines and beyond to New Caledonia, and in a series of depressions following an island chain northeast of New Zealand; in the Indian Ocean, alongside of Java. It would be an admirable thing if subsequent editions of these handy charts could be issued every five or ten years, so that one might keep pace at a glance with the progress of oceanographic investigation.

Prof. Adolph Slaby, electrical expert, is dead in Berlin, in his sixty-fourth year. He was at one time a co-worker with Marconi in experiments in wireless telegraphy, and on his discoveries the German system of wireless has been based. As early as 1901 Professor Slaby predicted that "the problem of direct production of electricity from coal will be solved," and that it "will be possible to apply the principle to submarine cables in such a way as to send hundreds and even thousands of messages simultaneously on the same wire."

Drama

The Foundations of a National Drama. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

There are few living men who know more about the theatre, before or behind the curtain, than Henry Arthur Jones, and he has never hidden the light of his knowledge under a bushel. In this volume he has collected twenty of the lectures or reviews on different dramatic topics, printed or delivered by him on one side of the Atlantic or the other, during the last fifteen years. Many of them he has revised and expanded, but, in their latest shape, they throw no new light upon his opinions, all of which are well known. The whole body of intelligent observers is of one mind with him when he deplores the undeniable facts of the existing theatrical degeneracy, the dearth of reasonably good plays, the rapid extinction of competent actors, the lamentable preponderance of the trivial, the nonsensical, or the unclean in our so-called entertainments; or when he insists upon the urgent necessity of establishing some solid relationship between literature and the drama, if the latter is to assume its legitimate position of dignity and influence. Nor will many thinking persons be inclined to disagree with him in his doubts as to whether the promoters of the projected British National Theatre—of which he has always been an ardent advocate—are going just the right way to work. The ignominious failure of the ambitious New Theatre plan in this city has taught him that something more than money is necessary to establish an institution of that kind. But he does not seem to have discerned the most salient moral of that fiasco, that an efficient company is the first and chief requisite of an artistic theatre. He is as sure as ever, apparently, that the future of the theatre is dependent upon national or municipal aid, and, of course, he cites the Théâtre Français, as do many other theatrical pundits, as proof positive of his contention, forgetting how small a part that Temple of Tradition plays to-day in French drama compared with its significance of fifty or a hundred years ago.

The fact is that, while Mr. Jones has been writing along the lines of his favorite theories, there have been developments in the literary and theatrical world which threaten to upset some of them, even if they justify others. The freshest and most suggestive chapter in his book is also the shortest. It deals with the recent dramatic movements, not only in London, but in many of the largest provincial centres in England, which, if they prosper—as there now seems every likelihood of their doing—promise to do all that the national theatre enthusiasts are still only talking about. These are the repertory theatres, of which a dozen or so have been started in large cities, and even populous suburbs, during the last year or two. They are not only furnishing opportunities for the literary play, but for those schools of acting—the only real schools of acting possible—whose destruction by the commercial system is responsible for the virtual disappearance of genuine actors—all-round artists, not specialists—from the stage. For many years London and New York managers needing young actors possessing some of the requirements of literary drama—manners, speech, and gesture, for instance—have depended mainly upon the now famous company of F. R. Benson, the only organization in the whole of Great Britain capable of conducting fitly a Shakespearean festival at Stratford. The spontaneous upspringing of these new stock companies is the most hopeful phenomenon that has occurred in the British theatrical world for decades. They and Mr. Benson, perhaps, may be able to contribute between them the trained artists of which the National Theatre, when it has been built and endowed, will be very badly in want. As for municipal theatres—if local authorities have anything to do with their direction—those who look for valuable artistic, literary, or dramatic results from them must be uncommonly sanguine.

We may expect shortly from the press of E. P. Dutton "Towards the New Theatre," by E. Gordon Craig.

Duffield's series, Plays of To-day and To-morrow, will soon include Dr. Vollmoeller's "Turandot, Princess of China," an adaptation from the work of Carlo Gozzi.

"On Ten Further Plays of Shakespeare," is the title of a book by Stopford A. Brooke, announced by Holt.

Students of Shakespeare will be interested to learn that "Cymbeline," the eighteenth volume in the New Variorum edition, is now in the press. The work was completed before Dr. Furness died. It will be published in the early summer by Lippincott. The "Julius Cæsar," as previously announced, will be issued in the spring.

"The Story of Nell Gwyn" (Small, Maynard), by Cecil Chesterton, is a very attractive little volume. It owes a good deal of its charm to the excellent reproduction of no less than seventeen of the acknowledged portraits of the famous orange girl and actress, by Sir Peter Lely, S. Harding, Wessing, Cooper, Verrhell, Dod, Gascar, and others; but the letter-press is admirable, also. Of course, Mr. Chesterton makes no pretence of having anything new to tell about his heroine, but he has sifted all the old sources of information pretty thoroughly and furnishes a sprightly and compact biography in which nothing is extenuated and naught set down in malice. Without any sentimental special pleading on her behalf, he can argue plausibly that she had substantial human virtues in which several of her more cultivated rivals were notoriously deficient. Of her cleverness and fascination the mere fact that she so long maintained her ascendency in the affections of the susceptible Charles is abundant proof. If she had not had good qualities of head and heart, she could never have risen from the gutter from which she originally sprang. Mr. Chesterton is less successful in his attempt to effect even a partial rehabilitation of her royal lover. It is somewhat late in the day to claim political genius and patriotic fervor for this witty, shifty, and unscrupulous voluptuary. But he has written a capital life of Nelly.

"The Greatest Wish," by E. Temple Thurston, which has just been produced in the Garrick Theatre, in London, is a simple tale of a foundling adopted by a tender-hearted priest and his peppery but kindly housekeeper. When, owing to a misconception, her sailor lover fails to keep an appointment, she concludes that he is false and decides to enter a convent. But just before she is to take the vows the sailor returns and she marries him instead, while the old priest discovers that the Mother of the Convent used to be his sweetheart in the days of their youth. The story revolves around the priest, in whom Arthur Bour-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chier is said to find a most congenial character. The Mother Superior is played by Maud Milton, well known here as a former member of Sir Henry Irving's companies.

"The Happy Island," which Sir Herbert Tree has just produced in His Majesty's Theatre, London, seems to be a disappointment. It is an adaptation, by James Bernard Fagan, from the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel, and tells how an adventurer, after behaving very badly at home, undertakes to impose himself as a god upon unsuspecting Pacific islanders—in order to induce them to work a radium mine for his benefit. Ultimately he comes to believe in the faith which he has invented for them, and is killed while defending them and the mine against his original employer.

Miss Wish Wynne appears to have won the chief success at the Kingsway Theatre, in "The Great Adventure" of Arnold Bennett.

Music

Music Lovers' Cyclopedia. Edited by Rupert Hughes. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

The Violinist's Dictionary. By Frederic Barclay Emery. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Practical Guide to the Modern Orchestra. By James Lyon. New York: The Macmillan Co. 35 cents net.

Rupert Hughes's "Music Lovers' Cyclopedia," originally published in 1903, is now issued in one volume and brought down to date by the addition of several thousand biographic sketches. It remains, although even now it has only 960 pages, in some respects the most comprehensive and useful of all musical works of reference, including features to be found neither in Riemann's 1,600 pages nor in the five volumes of Grove. The most important of these is the detailed plots of operas—sixty of them. Among those added to the new edition are "Thaïs," "The Bartered Bride," "Salome," "Elektra," "Königskinder," "Madama Butterfly," "Tosca," "La Fanciulla del West," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Manon," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," and "Parsifal," which at the time when this encyclopædia was first issued was still a Bayreuth monopoly, but which now belongs to the world. The space devoted by the editor to two of Wolf-Ferrari's operas is likely to prove wasted, as these operas seem to have had only ephemeral success. It may be said of all these condensed opera plots that they are far superior to those found in most of the books specially devoted to this subject. The story is always told as it is unfolded on the stage by exits and entrances, and the principal musical numbers are named as they appear in the score.

The most distinctive merit of this volume lies in the elimination of superfluous knowledge. While the list of biographic notices is rather larger than that of any other similar book, space is saved by keeping those of minor musicians as brief as possible. Liberal room is thus provided for about a hundred of the greatest composers. For the difficult task of summing up their characteristics in a few pages the editor obtained the coöperation of eighteen of the most prominent American and English critics, each of whom writes on the topics he is most familiar with. Some of them also contribute articles on special subjects, such as National Schools of Music, Great Instrumentalists and Singers, Acoustics, Counterpoint, Form, Folk-Song, Modern Harmony in Practice, Opera, Oratorio, etc. The editor himself gives his views on Grace, Notation, Organ, and Pianoforte. With a modesty rare in a musician, he omits his own name from his list, but he, too, is a composer, and his books on "American Composers" and "Love Affairs of Great Musicians" reveal him as an interesting as well as a scholarly writer. The encyclopædia, it should be added, includes also an excellent dictionary of musical terms, an explanation of the construction of music for the uninitiated, a number of charts—one of them, for instance, showing at a glance the principal dance rhythms of various countries—and a key to the pronunciation of musical terms in sixteen languages.

Probably no other British publisher has so large a number of books on musical topics as W. Reeves. The list takes up 48 pages of the latest addition, "The Violinist's Dictionary," which is republished in this country by the Scribners. Inasmuch as the reference works of Grove, Riemann, Elson, and many others include the terms violinists are expected to know, it seemed hardly worth while to prepare one for their special use. The editor is surely mistaken in saying that "comparatively few terms used exclusively by violinists are found in any one musical dictionary devoted to general terms." Most of the important terms are included in the books just referred to. There are others, however, which can only be found in Mr. Emery's volume. He has evidently taken pains in gathering from violin pieces all the technical terms and directions for expression occurring in the concertos, sonatas, short pieces, and technical exercises of composers of various countries. Nothing has been included that applies to piano or vocal music unless it is of direct value to the violinist. The result is a little volume useful chiefly for violin players who do not care to buy the larger dictionaries. The only flaw we have noticed is that the V. S. printed so often at the foot of a page is not properly explained. It stands for *volti subito*, turn over quickly, but while the S is explained in its place, there is no explanation of the V.

For concert-goers who wish to know something about the violin and the other orchestral instruments they hear at concerts there is a goodly list of books. The shortest of them is James Lyon's. He describes the compass and the general characteristics of thirty different instruments, from the placid flute to the noisy drums and gongs. It would have been well to include pictures of at least the less familiar of these, such as the bass clarinet, the xylophone, and the celesta. In some cases the author adds a footnote referring to compositions in which the use of an instrument is happily illustrated. In many text-books on the orchestra there are a number of citations from full scores; but as most of the great compositions can now be bought in miniature scores for a trifle, Mr. Lyon wisely chose simply to refer to the page on which a given quotation is to be found.

The United German Singing Societies are preparing for a music festival to be given at the Hippodrome on Sunday, April 27, to celebrate the one hundredth birthday of Richard Wagner. Mme. Schumann-Heink will be a soloist. Thirty German societies of New York city are now included in this organization, which held its first festival in 1852, and the last in 1909. More than 6,000 singers took active part. For years the United German Singing Societies have participated in public celebrations, and ever since 1903, by the arrangement with the Department of Public Parks, a free concert has been given every summer at the Mall, in Central Park.

Nikisch and Campanini will be the principal conductors of the Covent Garden opera season, which will begin on April 21 and end July 28. The repertory is unusually interesting. The opening performance will be "Tannhäuser," which will be followed by the first cycle of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" and the miscellaneous French and Italian repertory. The second cycle of the "Ring" will begin in April. And, as announced in the prospectus: "in celebration of the centenary of Wagner's birth (May, 1913), the management has arranged to include, besides the 'Ring,' 'Tristan and Isolde,' 'Der Fliegende Holländer,' 'Tannhäuser,' and 'Lohengrin.'" Other works to be heard will include a revival of Humperdinck's "Königskinder," Wolterhausen's "Oberst Chabert," "La Du Barry," a new work by the young Italian composer, Ezio Camussi, and, possibly, Charpentier's "Julien," written as a sequel to "Louise." A special performance of "Samson et Dalila" will be given some time in the first week in June, forming part of the Jubilee Festival in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Camille Saint-Saëns's entry upon his musical career. The composer himself will be present. Among the singers engaged are Melba, Mignon Nevada, Destinn, Louise Perard-Petzl, Mrs. Saltzmann Stevens, Amy Evans, Maude Fay, Carmen Melis. The contraltos are Kirkby Lunn, Dilys Jones, Alys Mutch, Marian Beeley, Madame Bérat,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Edith Clegg, Kathleen Howard, Elvira Leveroni, and Miss Schaefer. The tenors, besides Caruso, include Heinrich Hensel, John McCormack, Hermann Jadlowker, Peter Cornelius, Hans Bechstein, Paul Franz, Giovanni Martinelli. Among the basses and baritones are Sammarco, Van Rooy, Gilly, August Kiess, Armand Crabbé, Gustave Huberdeau, and Scotti.

A bold experiment has just been attempted at the Imperial Opera House of Vienna by the production of Franz Schreker's so-called opera, "The Musical Instrument and the Princess," which may readily be classed among the most abstruse and difficult musical works ever performed. Apart from the months of study and preparation it has required and the technical problems it has set in the matter of mounting, it proved to be so tantalizing for the listeners who attempted to grasp its significance that even the abstrusest intentions of all other modern composers seemed translucent by comparison. In place of a plot or even the outlines of a story, there are shown symbolical figures and episodes, the philosophical mystery of whose fashioning is left to the imagination. How far the poet-composer's intentions go, neither what is seen nor what is heard on the stage suffices to disclose. It is supposed that Schreker's ambition was to use his musical illustration as the explanatory key to his bizarre intentions, but the score, which is on the lines of the most modern impressionistic music, does not get beyond occasional indications of a keen, though ill-balanced, appreciation for queer tone effects, and for that ill-used quality of *Stimmung* (feeling) that is employed nowadays so often to replace inspiration. The impression the new work created was one of wonderment, and an inability to cope with the grotesque eccentricity of ill-directed talent. As a *tour de force* showing what the present régime at the Opera House, under Director Gregor, can accomplish the evening meant a triumph for all concerned. It was regarded as a splendid effort in a forlorn cause.

Felix Weingartner in the last of his Vienna Philharmonics stood sponsor to a new piano concerto by Alfred von Abter, that met with a rousing reception and justified his departure from the rule of admitting no soloist at one of these concerts. The composer played his work himself, which was as wholesome, melodious, and pleasing as though it had been written long before the days of "interesting" music had been thought of.

John Thomas, one of the most eminent musicians Great Britain has produced, died in London on March 19 at the advanced age of eighty-seven. On the death of J. B. Chatterton, in 1872, he was appointed harpist to Queen Victoria, and when King Edward succeeded to the throne, the royal harpist was retained. He was born at Bridgend, South Wales, in 1826. He played the piccolo when only four, and when eleven, won a harp at an Eisteddfod. In 1861, at the Aberdare Eisteddfod, the title of Pencerdd Gwalia (chief of the Welsh minstrels) was conferred on him. In 1862 he published a valuable collection of Welsh melodies, and began a series of Welsh concerts in London. His fame as a harpist spread, and he made several successful tours on the Continent. For four decades, there was hardly an Eisteddfod of importance at which he did not appear as performer or adjudicator, and he collected a large sum, with which, in 1883, he endowed a permanent scholarship for Wales at the Royal Academy of Music in London. His compositions include a large amount of harp music. His most famous pupil was the late John Cheshire.

Art

Old-Fashioned Gardening. By Grace Tabor. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2 net.

It is easy to write generalities and sentimentalities about old-fashioned gardens. We are willing to believe that almost anything romantic might have happened in the traditionally "good" old times. But Miss Tabor has set herself a more difficult task: to determine definitely what an old-fashioned garden really was, in appearance, in use, in ideal—a most elusive thing to put into words. The gardens themselves have nearly all disappeared or changed (the very flowers have new forms and new names), and the records of their former state are few and scattered, mere hints and clues in the writings of men of an age when clearing the wilderness or fighting the Indians or saving one's soul was a matter of more immediate moment than enjoying a garden.

For the sake of definiteness, even at the cost of an arbitrary determination, Miss Tabor fixes the nearer limit of "old-fashioned" times at one hundred years ago. The further limit, as far as we Americans are concerned, is naturally the first permanent settlement of this continent by Europeans. This gives a period of some 175 years within which to trace the development of the old-fashioned garden.

As the colonists from the Old World differed in their traditions and ideas, so did their gardens differ. We can reconstruct, partly from the meagre records, partly from what we know must have been the genius of each people, five types of garden which sprang up in the New World: the careless, riotous, sun-filled, walled gardens of the Spaniards in the semi-tropics; the larger, formal, dignified, fenced, and box-bordered gardens of the gentlemen adventurers; the little, tight, trim, four-square gardens of the New Amsterdam housewives; the austere Puritan gardens, pleasant in spite of their owners, as useful plants will have beautiful flowers; and the gardens of Catholic and Quaker along what came to be the dividing line between the North and South, a type of less evident ancestry.

When we come to consider what made the spirit of these gardens, we meet a further difficulty. It is little easier to explain just what is the charm of a garden than to put into words the personal charm of a friend. But—describing what is capable of description—we can at least say this: the old-fashioned garden was enclosed, it was useful, it was a necessary part of a complete scheme. As to the design of the garden itself, Miss Tabor says:

> Simplicity first, as a corner-stone; then convenience; then such a degree of easy formality of symmetry or order as may perhaps be reduced to, the old-fashioned term "seemliness"; then a play of dignified individual fancy, according to individual taste: these are the components of the Old-Fashioned Garden.

When a man has just conquered a part of the wilderness, his garden, the piece of land on which he most fully puts his own stamp, will surely be enclosed, both for the practical reason of the safety of the plants dependent on his care, and for the satisfactory feeling that here at least there shall be no hint of the untamed forces with which he has struggled in the outside world. The country household of the olden time was a self-supporting unit. There were no shops to supply the deficiencies in the family larder. What a man raised and stored up in the summer, that and no more did he eat in the winter. And the flower gardens bore their share in the general economy, producing fruits, or at least medicinal and savory herbs.

Here perhaps lies the secret of success, when success is possible, in making an old-fashioned garden in modern times. Such a garden, even if historically correct in form and flower, will not look particularly different from any other well-designed garden. Only when the development of the whole estate is harmonious with it, only when house and grounds, roads and trees and fences, form with the garden one consistent whole, is there much hope of the old honest, simple charm returning. And we should see, therefore, that when we build a certain style of "old-fashioned" house—colonial, Georgian, "mission," or whatever it may be—that we are pledging ourselves to the garden that properly accompanies the house, if we are to have a garden at all.

Miss Tabor's book gives excellent lists of flowers, one of the flowers of the earlier period, another of those coming in at a comparatively later date. There are lists also of the flowers of the five sorts of gardens: Spanish, Cavalier, Puritan, Dutch, and border-line. There are a short index and a bibliography.

Thomas Graham Jackson is publishing through the University of Chicago Press "Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture."

A translation of Eugène Fromentin's "The Masters of Past Time" is in preparation by Andrew Boyle for E. P. Dutton & Co.

"British Pictures and Their Painters" (Macmillan), an anecdotal guide to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British section of the National Gallery, by E. V. Lucas, is a deftly compiled manual of pocket size, with a few illustrations. It is distinctly what the more intelligent tourist wants, and it provides that extraneous human interest without which any extended study of the British school must be onerous to the art lover.

Five years ago W. H. James Weale published his great work, "Hubert and Jan Van Eyck," in a fine and expensive quarto. Students will welcome the popular edition, which is now offered by the John Lane Company at $4. This is rather a new edition than a reprint, for, under the editorship of Maurice W. Brockwell in collaboration with the author, considerable rearrangements of the text have been made. These, with some condensation of documentary and bibliographical features, have brought the well-illustrated volume within octavo compass. Originally, Mr. Weale relegated to a secondary list all works not demonstrably by the Van Eycks. This arrangement, while logical, had the disadvantage of associating many negligible school pieces with those of evident authenticity. Mr. Brockwell has made his first list of twenty-four paintings out of uncontested paintings, subdividing them as they suggest the hand of Hubert, Jan, or of both brothers. To these is added a list of thirty-two pictures of doubtful authenticity, a brief record of lost works known through copies or literary sources, and finally a remarkable list of ninety-five works which in the last three centuries have been sold at auction under ascription to the Van Eycks. The index is far fuller than that of the original edition. Evidently, this new edition, which has the considerable advantage of being light in the hand, contains many improvements. Perhaps one should not object to Mr. Brockwell's severely eclectic handling of bibliographical notices. Yet, if merely for the record, the vagaries of the late Henri Bouchot might have been mentioned. Mr. Jaccaci's discovery that the Turin St. Francis has two right feet should have had due credit. Among the doubtful pieces should have been included a small Crucifixion in the Johnson collection, which is probably by the same hand as the Berlin Crucifixion, which certain critics have ascribed to Hubert. There are thirty-two plates of good execution and a few text illustrations. Generally, Mr. Brockwell's editorial judgment has been excellent, and through his pains a standard work assumes a more convenient and useful form.

Finance

MR. MORGAN AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS.

People who imagined—and there were many of them—that news of Mr. Morgan's death would be the occasion of some sort of catastrophe in the financial markets, were ignorant, both of the manner in which sudden complications from such events are always guarded against in Wall Street, and of the extent to which Mr. Morgan, for the past two years, had withdrawn from active participation in affairs. As a matter of fact, the Stock Exchange itself, after a moment of hesitation when the news arrived last week, presently began to bid up the market, and a substantial rise ensued. For this there were other reasons—brighter skies abroad, absence of financial trouble at Berlin's much-dreaded "quarter-day settlement," and a decided waning of apprehension over our domestic politics. Yet possibly, in the mental state of a market, the fact that the ceasing of so powerful a force in American finance had failed to create misgiving, was of itself no inconsiderable influence on financial sentiment.

The longer effect of the disappearance of this massive figure in finance must probably be judged in a negative rather than a positive way. It may be said of Mr. Morgan's career, as it was said of Mr. Harriman's at his death three years ago, that it belongs in reality to a financial epoch already closed. Another Morgan could not do in the future of American finance what Morgan himself did in its past; fundamental conditions have changed too completely for that. Therefore, in all probability, the final departure from the scene of this great financier, means chiefly that the financial leadership of the future must not only be in the hands of other men, but must, in the nature of things, be in the hands of men acting on other lines.

Mr. Morgan's was one of those personalities about which legend accumulates with the lapse of time; it had, one may say, the exceptional hold on the imagination which comes to men of large achievement who have embodied in themselves and their exploits the history of a memorable period. Like all great public characters, he had many sides, and like all Wall Street celebrities, his actual way of thinking on financial affairs was not always understood, even by Wall Street. There were many curious sidelights on this point of view, even before the Pujo Committee testimony of last December.

The news that President McKinley had been shot, and that, if he died, Vice-President Roosevelt would succeed him, reached Wall Street late Friday afternoon, September 6, 1901. The huge promotions and amalgamations were still under way; their authors and participants had believed that McKinley would not interfere with the giant combinations of capital, and they knew how uncertain a quantity in that regard Mr. Roosevelt was. Mr. Morgan had remained in his office that day after all of his partners had gone, and was just about to leave for his private yacht with a box of cigars under one arm carelessly wrapped in wrinkled brown paper, when the dispatch was handed to him. Half an hour later, when the full details were brought him, Mr. Morgan was still in his desk chair, his square-topped hat on the back of his head and the box of cigars still under his arm—bending forward and silently tracing with his cane the patterns on the rug at his feet. One would like to know exactly what visions of future probabilities were passing through his mind.

Mr. Morgan was not a man of interviews; but, on the other hand, when he spoke publicly or was quoted for publication, his comments were for that reason more pointed and characteristic than the perfunctory remarks of financial authorities on "the outlook." On the witness-stand in March, 1902, he was asked why he organized the $400,000,000 Northern Securities holding company, and the similar huge combinations. His answer was:

> The capital of the Northern Securities Company is very large. I don't believe any one can ever get control of it. . . . J. P. Morgan & Co. might be dissolved. I might die, and we wanted the road to go on prospering on the old lines. It was our idea to organize a holding company with a capital so large that no rival corporation could purchase a controlling interest in it.

This answer overlooked, in a striking way, both the fact that the logical end of that process was a general holding company for everything in a given trade—which the public would certainly never endure—and the facts that somebody must originally control the big holding company, that such controlling interest might misuse its power, and yet that, by Mr. Morgan's own argument, neither it nor its successors could ever be dislodged.

In 1903, when Mr. Schwab's unlucky lapse of judgment at Monte Carlo brought a demand which proved to be irresistible for his retirement from the Steel Trust presidency, Mr. Morgan's comment was highly characteristic. It was that he should like to paraphrase Lincoln's remark to the Congressmen who demanded Grant's retirement from the Western command because of his alleged use of liquor. What he referred to was, of course, Lincoln's expression of the wish to send a barrel of the same whiskey to his other generals. Mr. Morgan left the point of the analogy open.

It was in March, 1903, that Wall Street suddenly began to talk, with something like consternation, of the danger overhanging the new industrial securities held by "underwriting syndicates" and still undistributed to the general public. Mr. Morgan was then induced to give an interview of which the salient parts were these:

> It may be true, as some of the captious critics declare, that at the present moment there are in the market many "undigested securities." But ought not the character of these securities to be taken into consideration? . . . To my mind and in my judgment, these new securities are essentially sound and stable, and those who have them are in no wise alarmed because of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their holdings. . . . You will find that in due time this phase of the difficulty—growing out of these new securities—will disappear.

This judgment may possibly be regarded as confirmed by the longer future, after an intervening season of agonized forced liquidation. But it missed the whole point of the then existing situation, which was a quite inevitable sequel to the rapid succession of enormous promoting operations which Mr. Morgan himself had fathered. In the eight or nine months after the interview there was certainly acute alarm, and signs of outright panic, which were justified by the failure of the $100,000,000 Consolidated Lake Superior, the humiliating bankruptcy of the United States Shipbuilding, and the collapse of values bringing the common stock of the United States Steel to 8⅝, with a shrinkage in its market valuation from $279,000,000 to $50,100,000, and the passing of dividends during three successive years.

The exact part played by Mr. Morgan in the panic of 1907 has been a matter of much discussion. His services to the preservation of general credit are admitted to have been of the highest value—mainly because of his personal influence over other financiers in the hour of emergency. He was certainly instrumental in bringing the panic-stricken bank presidents to their senses, when they were refusing to lend to the Stock Exchange on October 24, and he bore down every timid counsel which would have let the Lincoln Trust Company and the Trust Company of America go by the board.

Yet it is not evident to what extent he saw things with actual clearness when the storm was at its worst, and there is some reason for believing that he himself failed to understand, not only what causes such a panic, but what stops it. Judge Gary, in the Stanley Committee hearing, quoted Mr. Morgan as saying, in November, 1907, of the plan for the Steel Corporation to purchase the Tennessee Coal: "If it does not buy the stock, or unless it or some one else furnishes relief at this particular time, there is not any man on earth who can say what the result will be in the financial circles of this country." As a matter of fact, the Steel Trust did buy the Tennessee Coal; yet the *Financial Chronicle*, in its review of the very week in which that operation was effected, wrote that "the most important development of the week has been the gold movement and its effect on the bank situation, at home and abroad," and in that review it did not even mention the Tennessee Coal. Now the $30,000,000 purchase of European gold for import occurred in the week before Judge Gary's interview of November 3 with Mr. Morgan, and the Stock Exchange, by a violent recovery of four successive days, had recognized that relief from the strain which at first had seemed to threaten general insolvency was already on the way.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Lyman. Letters to Unknown Friends. Doubleday, Page.

Altsheler, J. A. The Texan Scouts. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.

Aristarchus of Samos: A History of Greek Astronomy to Aristarchus, Together with Aristarchus's Treatise on the Sizes and Distances of the Sun and Moon. New Greek text, with translation and notes by Thomas Heath. Frowde.

Askew, A. and C. Barbara. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Bacon, J. D. The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Bacon. Opera hactenus inedita Rogeri Baconi—Fasc. IV. Frowde.

Bancroft, J. H. The Posture of School Children. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Barbour, R. H. The Junior Trophy. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.

Bates, E. L., and Charlesworth, F. Practical Geometry and Graphics. (Second edition); Practical Mathematics (second edition). Van Nostrand. $2 net; $1.50 net.

Bebel, August. My Life. University of Chicago Press. (Baker & Taylor, agts.)

Book of Wisdom. Introduction and Notes, edited by A. T. S. Goodrick. Macmillan. $2 net.

Bordeaux, Henry. The Fear of Living. English version by R. H. Davis. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Brawley, B. G. A Short History of the American Negro. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Britannica Year-Book, 1913. Encyclopædia Britannica Co. $2.25.

Burnam, J. M. Recipes from Codex Matritensis. University of Cincinnati Press. 50 cents.

Conger, S. P. Old China and Young America. Chicago: Browne & Co. 75 cents net.

Cruttwell, Maud. Fire and Frost. Lane. $1.25 net.

Dadourian, H. M. Analytical Mechanics. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

Deamer, Dulcie. The Suttee of Safa: A Hindoo Romance. Dillingham. $1.25 net.

Demetrios, George. When I Was a Boy in Greece. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 60 cents net.

Demosthenes On the Crown. Edited, with notes, by M. W. Humphreys. American Book Co. $1.25.

De Weese, T. A. The Bend in the Road and How a Man of the City Found It. Harper. $1 net.

Dobson, Austin. Collected Poems. Ninth edition. Dutton. $2 net.

Douglas, A. M. The Red House Children at Grafton. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.

Driver, S. R. Notes on the Hebrew Text and the Topography of the Books of Samuel. Second edition. Frowde.

Durning-Lawrence, E. The Shakespeare Myth. Sturgis & Walton. 10 cents.

Eggleston, Edward. The Ultimate Solution of the American Negro Problem. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Elder, R. D. The Sojourner. Harper. $1.30 net.

Faguet, Emile. Balzac. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

Freud, Sigmund. The Interpretation of Dreams. Translation of Third Edition by A. A. Brill. Macmillan. $4 net.

Gibbs, George. The Silent Battle. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Gilson, R. R. The Legend of Jerry Ladd. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Goodrich, J. K. Our Neighbors: The Japanese. Chicago: Browne & Co. $1.25 net.

Grinnell, Joseph. The Species of the Mammalian Genus Sorex of West-Central California. University of California Press.

Haig, Elizabeth. The Floral Symbolism of the Great Masters. Dutton. $2 net.

Handbook of Municipal Accounting. (Metz Fund Handbooks of City Business.) D. Appleton. $2 net.

Hart, E. G. The Dream Girl. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Hinckley, H. B. Thersites: A Dramatic Fragment. Northampton, Mass.: The Nonotuck Press.

Hobhouse, L. T. Development and Purpose; The Labour Movement. Macmillan. $4 net; $1 net.

Hoyt, W. F. Manual of Qualitative Analysis. Macmillan.

Hubbard, F. G. Education and Leisure. Reprint from Modern Language Association of America.

Hudson, O. F., and Bengough, G. D. Iron and Steel. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Hughes, Rupert. The Amiable Crimes of Dirk Memling. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.

International Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art—1913. Lane. $2.50 net.

Jenkinson, J. W. Vertebrate Embryology. Frowde.

Joannès, J. S. The Song Garland: A Collection of One-, Two-, and Three-Part Songs. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Johnston, (Sir) Harry. Common Sense in Foreign Policy. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Kester, Vaughan. John O' Jamestown. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.

Knox, Joseph. Physico-Chemical Calculations. Van Nostrand. $1 net.

Lange, D. The Silver Island of the Chippewa. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.

Le Bon, Gustave. The Psychology of Revolution. Trans. by B. Miall. Putnam.

Lecklider, J. T. Poems. Boston: Badger.

Lesage's Gil Blas of Santillane. Trans. by Tobias Smollett. Introduction by W. M. Fullerton. Dutton. $2.

Lewis, A. H. Faro Nell and Her Friends. Dillingham.

Lindsay, Maud. A Story Garden for Little Children. Illus. by F. L. Young. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.

Long, J. L. War, or What Happens When One Loves One's Enemy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.30 net.

Mack, Adelaide. Magnetic Paris. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.75 net.

Mark the Deacon. The Life of Porphyry, Bishop of Gaza. Trans., with notes, by G. F. Hill. Frowde.

Marx, Karl. The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte. Trans. by D. de Leon. Third edition. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

Masefield, John. The Daffodil Fields. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Mathews, F. A. My Lady Peggy Leaves Town. Moffat, Yard. $1.30 net.

Mathews, Shailer. The Making of To-morrow. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Maurice, Frederick. A Record of His Work and Opinions, edited by his son. Longmans. $3 net.

Mayne, E. C. Byron. 2 vols. Scribner.

Meier, W. H. D. School and Home Gardens. Boston: Ginn. 80 cents.

Mitchell, C. F. Building Construction and Drawing. Eighth edition, revised; Building Construction (Advanced Course). Seventh edition, revised, enlarged. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net; $2.50 net.

O'Connor, Mrs. T. P. Little Thank You. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Oppenheim, L. The Panama Canal Conflict. Putnam.

Oxford. A. W. English Cookery Books to the Year 1850. Frowde.

Palmer, R. A Little Tour in India. Longmans. $2.50 net.

Perry, Lawrence. Holton of the Navy. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Philip, Alexander. The Dynamic Foundation of Knowledge. Dutton. $2 net.

Poole, R. L. A Lecture on the History of the University Archives. (Delivered in the Ashmolean Museum, May, 1912.) Frowde.

Pouget, Emile. Sabotage. Chicago: Kerr. 50 cents.

Redman, J. L. Isles in Summer Seas (Bermuda). Dillingham. $1.50 net.

Report of the State Board of Agriculture of Kansas for 1911 and 1912. Vol. XXIII. Topeka.

Rhodius, Apollonius. The Argonautica, edited by G. W. Mooney. Longmans. $4.50 net.

Romanos, Mesonero. Selections, edited by G. T. Northup. Holt.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Schelling, F. E. The English Lyric. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Scorer, A. G. The Entomologist's Log-Book. Dutton. $3 net.
Seligman, E. R. A. Essays in Taxation. Eighth edition, revised. Macmillan. $4 net.
Shakespeare's Pericles. Edited by C. A. Smith; Titus Andronicus. Edited by E. E. Stoll. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Shepherd, W. R. Atlas of Ancient History. Holt.
Simpson, J. Y. The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature. Doran. $1.50 net.
Smith, G. B. Social Idealism and the Changing Theology. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Social Centre, The. Edited by E. J. Ward. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Spielmann, Mrs. M. H. Littledom Castle, and Other Tales. Dutton. Illustrated. $1 net.
Standing, P. C. Guerilla Leaders of the World. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Stirling, A. M. W. The Letterbag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope. 2 vols. Lane. $10 net.
Strayer, G. D., and Thorndike, E. L. Educational Administration. Macmillan.
Taber, Susan. Unexpected Affinities. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Taylor, H. O. Ancient Ideals. 2 vols. Second edition. Macmillan. $5 net.
Taylor, Herbert. Reminiscences, Letters, and Journals (1775-1839). Longmans. $5 net.
Taylor, Joshua. The Art of Golf. Outing Pub. Co.
The Diamond-Sutra (Chin-Kang-Ching). Trans. from the Chinese, with notes, by William Gemmell. Dutton. $1 net.
The Odd Farmhouse. By the Odd Farmwife. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Thompson, D. W. On Aristotle as a Biologist. (Herbert Spencer Lecture, February, 1913.) Frowde.
Tod's Annals of Rajasthan: Annals of Mewar, abridged and edited by C. H. Payne. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Trites, W. B. Barbara Gwynne. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Trites, W. B. John Cave. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Van Cleve, C. M. Principles of Double-Entry Bookkeeping. James Kempster Printing Co.
Van Loon, H. W. The Fall of the Dutch Republic. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Vega, Lope de. La Moza de Cántaro. Edited, with notes, by Madison Stathers. Holt.
Watson, William. The Muse in Exile. Lane. $1.25 net.
Wilding, A. F. On the (Tennis) Court and Off. Doubleday, Page.
Wilson, A. E. Devota. New edition, and Biographical Reminiscences, by T. C. De Leon. Dillingham.
Wilson, Woodrow. Mere Literature: Three Essays. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Zimmer, G. F. Popular Dictionary of Botanical Names and Terms. Dutton. $1 net.

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

Some Spring Books
(January to May)

History and Biography.

Stanley Washburn's NOGI. The author knew the General well. Illustrated ..... *net* $1.00

H. Lichtenberger's GERMANY and Its Evolution in Modern Times.....*net* 2.50

W. L. Bevan's THE WORLD'S LEADING CONQUERORS from Alexander to Napoleon (in series edited by **W. P. Trent**). 1 Vol.....*net* 1.75

H. A. L. Fisher's NAPOLEON (Home University Library) .....*net* .50

Sociology, Travel, Etc.

Samuel P. Orth's SOCIALISM AND DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.....*net* 1.50

V. G. Simkhovitch's MARXISM vs. SOCIALISM (May). Probable price..*net* 1.50

J. E. Hagerty's COMMERCIAL CREDIT (May). Probable price.....*net* 1.50

Ralph Stock's CONFESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT (May). Probably. *net* 3.00

Philosophy and Religion.

Le Roy's THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HENRI BERGSON .....*net* 1.25

Fielding Hall's THE WORLD SOUL, by the author of "Inward Light," etc. (May). Probably .....*net* 3.00

J. Estlin Carpenter's COMPARATIVE RELIGION (Home University Library) ..... *net* .50

Nature and Health.

Wm. F. Ganong's THE LIVING PLANT (Am. Nature Series). Ill'd. Probably ..... *net* 3.50

A. E. Knight and Edward Step's POPULAR BOTANY. With 360 illustrations. 2 Vols. (May) .....*net* 5.00

Pycraft's INFANCY OF ANIMALS. With many illustrations.....*net* 1.75

E. Ray Lankester's SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR. (April 26th). Probably ..... *net* 2.00

E. Mather Sill's THE CHILD, Its Care, Diet, and Common Ills. Illustrated. (April 19th). Probably .....*net* 1.25

Benjamin Moore's ORIGIN AND NATURE OF LIFE (Home University Library) ..... *net* .50

Literature, The Newspaper.

In Home University Library, each 50c. *net.*

G. K. Chesterton's VICTORIAN AGE IN LITERATURE.

J. G. Robertson's GERMAN LITERATURE.

John Bailey's DR. JOHNSON AND HIS CIRCLE.

G. Binney Diblee's THE NEWSPAPER.

Drama, Music and Painting.

Stopford A. Brooke: ON TEN FURTHER PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. (April.) Probably.....*net* 2.25

Geo. Middleton's TRADITION, and other one-act plays of American Life, by the author of "Embers." .....*net* 1.35

Filson Young's OPERA STORIES. A companion volume to his "Wagner Stories," covering ten operas, from *The Magic Flute* to *Hansel and Gretel*.....*net* 1.30

Sir Frederick Wedmore's PAINTERS AND PAINTING. (Home University Library). 32 illustrations.....*net* .50

Fiction.

Romain Rolland's JEAN CHRISTOPHE: JOURNEY'S END. (Love and Friendship—The Burning Bush—The New Dawn.) The third, concluding, and probably most dramatic novel of this great trilogy about an imaginary composer with some resemblances to Wagner. 504 pp., *net* 1.50

J. Benda's THE YOKE OF PITY (L'Ordination), declared by the London *Times* to be "the novel of the winter in Paris." (May.) Probably .....*net* 1.20

H. H. Bashford's PITY THE POOR BLIND. By the author of "The Pilgrim's March." The title is purely metaphorical, referring to blindness regarding God and His Laws. (May 3rd.) Probably.....*net* 1.35

John Macter's THREE FARMS. An "Adventure in Contentment," by the author of "Once." .....*net* 1.30

Laurence Housman's KING JOHN OF JINGALO. A genial satire on England. ..... *net* $1.35

BEDROCK A quarterly review of scientific thought — does for science what "The Hibbert Journal" does for theology. $3 a year; 75 cents a number.
April issue ready.

Postage 8% additional.

34 WEST 33d STREET, NEW YORK

The Love-Seeker

By MAUD CHURTON BRALEY, author of "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It."

A brilliant and daringly frank book, full of worldly wisdom, fit for those married or single and in or out of love. *12mo. $1.00*

Heroines of Modern Progress

By ELMER C. ADAMS and WARREN D. FOSTER.

Brief, vivid biographies which tell the story of the part a group of women played in the world's progress of the last century.

12mo. Illustrated. $1.50 net

STURGIS & WALTON CO.
31-33 East 27th Street, New York.

COLLEGE SERMONS

By LANGDON CHEVES STEWARDSON, L.H.D., LL.D., sometime Chaplain of Lehigh University and President of Hobart College. Crown 8vo. $1.50 *net;* by mail, $1.64.

These sermons, with two exceptions, were addressed to the undegraduates and faculties of Lehigh University, Hobart College, Columbia University, and the University of Michigan. Their primary purpose was to stimulate religious experience and to develop human character and personality. It is pointed out that religion is indigenous to human nature and not an imported product, that it has many other forms besides the ecclesiastical one, and that its great function is to spiritualize the whole of human life and every one of its occupations.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

Six Months Subscription Free

THE NATION will extend SIX MONTHS the term of any subscriber who sends a name not already on our list with remittance for the new subscription for one year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED